





John Lynam

A SHORT HISTORY OF
ROME AND ITALY



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From the painting by Albert Maignan.

Seizure of Boniface VIII. at Anagni.

The Pope saying to his assailants: "Here is my neck; here is my head; Strike ! but I will die Pope."

A SHORT HISTORY OF
ROME AND ITALY

BY

MARY PLATT PARMELE

ILLUSTRATED

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PREFACE.

THERE are two kinds of art. In one the ideal comes into form by accretion, in the other by elimination. You may lavishly apply pigments until you have built up your ideal, or you may cut away superfluities until you have reached it. History may partake of either or both of these methods. It may be presented as a sumptuous picture on a generous canvas, rich in color and bewildering in detail, or it may be reached like a cameo, by cutting away every shining particle which obscures the clear simple outline, with perhaps just a sparing use of pigment here and there to intensify the relief. Whichever method be chosen, failure is always imminent, and the difficulties prodigious. But as a general proposition, it is easier to say things, than to refrain from saying them, especially if one's theme be "Rome and Italy," when no fragment seems superfluous.

To tell the story of the Italian peninsula from the days of Æneas to the present time, in less than three hundred small pages, is not an easy task! Two *dæmons* perpetually attend you, one whispering that you are omitting matter essential to the narrative; the other insisting that you are amplifying entirely too much. To which of these counselors the writer has given too much heed, must be left to the reader to judge.

M. P. P.

NEW YORK CITY,
June, 1901.

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A SHORT HISTORY OF ROME.

CHAPTER I.

THE peninsula of Italy has more powerfully influenced the destiny of the human race, in its material aspects, than any other spot upon the earth. Bethlehem of Judea and Greece have flooded the world, the one with spiritual life, and the other with intellectual splendor; but working upon a lower plane and with coarser implements, Rome seems to have been predestined to open up the channels through which those streams should nourish humanity. Her appointed task was to lay the foundations for Christendom.

But Rome did not lay the corner-stone of modern civilization. *She is* its corner-stone. In the pedigree of nations she is the great progenitor, the cause of causes, and must ever remain the prodigy among earthly em-

pires. What was the secret of her strength? To what was she indebted for her amazing pre-eminence? Not to her geographical position, for she had no sea-port, and in a land of exceptional fertility and charm she occupied a spot too sterile to support her own people, and was surrounded by malarial marshes unfriendly to human life. Not to her ancestry, for she had none. She did not engraft her youthful vigor upon an old pre-existing state; had not, like Persia and Macedon and Carthage, the stored riches and experience of a parent kingdom with which to build the new. We, in America, while glorying in our own phenomenal development, should remember that we are not only the heir of all the ages, but that we started with a great political inheritance, the wisdom and experience which Great Britain had been accumulating for a thousand years. But Rome first built her city, then by sheer native force peopled it, then compelled all of Italy, and finally all the then existing world, toward the centre she had created. And when after long ages her temporal sovereignty was slipping from her weakened hands, she gathered to herself a spiritual sovereignty, and remains to-day the supreme ruler over the

hearts and consciences of a large part of mankind in an empire which knows no geographical limits. There may be great world-powers in the future, but will there ever be one which will leave such a heritage of strength and political wisdom as did that empire with its throne upon the seven hills of Rome? Will there ever be another which even while it is perishing can, out of its superabundant strength create such a group of world-powers, and then bequeath to future ages a judicial system so just, so wise, so perfectly adapted to the needs of human society, that after 2,000 years will still stand the model for the legislation of Christendom?

In what sort of a cradle was this giant nourished? What were the influences which shaped its childhood? and what the attributes which enabled it to establish such a dominating influence in the world's affairs?

The cradle for the Roman Empire was commenced in the earliest geologic ages, and was fashioned by titanic forces. It was circumstances seemingly quite fortuitous which sent that narrow peninsula jutting out into the sea and straggling toward the East. A few more, or a few less volcanic upheavals and there would have been a dif-

ferent Italy, and then a different history of Rome, and hence of the world. But when Nature paused, when she had fashioned that curious leg-shaped strip of land with its rigid skeleton of mountains ; when she had made it strong, rock-ribbed with her most ancient limestone, so that the elements and the sea would strive in vain to devour it, and then when she had sprinkled the depressions and basins with rich black loam which would blossom into matchless beauty beneath the sun's rays, she had determined the course of history as we read it to-day. And that region between the Alps and the Apennines, watered by streams from both ranges, the most fertile garden spot in Europe, was that the chosen site for the future lords of Italy and of the world? Not at all. On the Tiber, back from the sea, in the most uninviting spot in the whole peninsula, where the earth rises in seven irregular hills, there was the rough limestone cradle of the future Roman Empire.

When and how this land was first occupied by man we may never know, nor whence came the aboriginal races which existed there at the early dawn of the European day. But when it emerges from the region beyond

the verge of history there were many strongly contrasting tribes crowded upon the narrow peninsula, separated from each other by the natural ramparts of the Apennines, and the no less effectual wall of race antipathy and language. These may be roughly divided into the Pelasgians—with marked Hellenic traits—on the east and south (Magna Græcia), the Oscans, Sabellians, and Umbrians, a more indigenous people occupying Central, Western, and Northern Italy; last of all the Etruscans, on the western coast, the most interesting of the entire group, whose origin baffles even conjecture; the remains of their language offering not the slightest clew, and leaving them a companion mystery to that of the Basques in Spain and Western Europe. These are the chief primitive divisions roughly drawn. Latium, of more recent origin, seems to have been of both Pelasgian and Oscan descent; the Latin language having the same Aryan roots and structure as the Greek, but with a large vocabulary drawn from the warlike Oscans; from which facts scholars read, not that the Pelasgians and Latins were descended from the Greeks, but, as is more probable, were offshoots of the same parent

stem (Aryan) at nearly the same point, and also that at some remote period there was a conquest of the Pelasgians by the more powerful native Oscans, who then became the dominant race. How and why the Pelasgian name Italia should have gradually extended from the toe of the peninsula until it embraced the whole, may never be known.

Thus far we stand upon conclusions which have the sanction of modern scholarship. But now we enter upon a more shadowy region—the region of legend and tradition, and are told that its men and women are phantoms, its facts fables, and that the fascinating narrative which has been the theme of poets and has charmed the world for two thousand years is only fiction. It was not until recently that any serious doubts were entertained of the truth of the early history of Rome. But in 1811 Niebuhr published a book of learned and searching criticism which by revealing fatal inconsistencies undermined the whole fabric. But skepticism would go too far in rejecting the only existing clues to this interesting problem. The very existence of the tradition, true or untrue, illuminates the dark and inaccessible past. It is a revelation of prehistoric hearts and character

quite as genuine and of more value than the records we read in the stratifications of rocks. And however discredited we can never tear from our histories those first immortal chapters, if for no other reason than that they have been for a period which cannot be measured, an inspiration, setting before men heroic ideals of a supreme type. There was not a man in Rome, when Christ came into the world, who did not know the story of Horatius holding the bridge; nor is there a man in London or New York to-day who can afford not to know that immortal story. Even though it be true that Horatius the man never existed, the ideal for which he stood did; and that has a more profound significance. It matters little whether Junius Brutus did or did not hand his son over to the executioners for conspiring with the enemies of Rome. But it matters much that this was the type of civic virtue that prehistoric Rome delighted in, and this throws a flood of light upon the genesis of Roman character, and the stern, untender, uncompromising nobility of a later historic Rome. Regarding the credibility of the legends it should be remembered that in that ancient world oral tradition was unwritten history,

and in a state whose very existence depended upon the truth of family traditions, it must have been cultivated as an art. The entire structure, political and social—the chief governing body, the Senate—the superior rights of the patricians—each and all alike existed by and through *ancestral claims*. So we may imagine that the stories upon which so much depended were endowed with an imperishable vitality. Besides this, is it not inconceivable that a political organism so coherent and consecutive, in which each step taken grew out of the one which had gone before, could have developed without accurate knowledge of legislative and historical precedents? We may not believe that Romulus was the son of Mars, nor that Egeria whispered to Numa the secret which made him the transmitter of the will of the gods. But that the main line of development is to be traced through the legendary history, we may and must believe.

CHAPTER II.

THE legendary history of Rome begins with the flight of Æneas from the burning city of Troy, bearing upon his shoulders his old father Anchises, and leading his son Ascanius by the hand. He also carried away with him some of the sacred fire from the altar of Vesta, which must never be extinguished, for Vesta was the protectress of the race; and the gods had told Æneas that he was going to found a mighty nation in the West. After long wanderings, described a thousand years later by Virgil, he was led to the shores of Italy. There he married Lavinia, daughter of the King of Latium, and in her honor named the city he founded Lavinium, and there he reigned over Latium and performed many mighty deeds. And when one day he disappeared, because the gods had taken him, he was worshipped as *Jupiter Indiges*, the god of the country. Then Ascanius (or Iulus), his son, built a

new city on a ridge of the Alban hills, which he called Alba Longa, and there he reigned ; and when Ascanius died, Silvius, son of Æneas and Lavinia, also reigned there, as did eleven Silvian kings, during the next 300 years, each of them bearing the surname Silvius.

When Procas, the last of this line, died, he left two sons. The younger, Amulius, seized the inheritance, and drove away his elder brother Numitor. He then killed Numitor's son and heir, and dedicated his daughter, Rhea Silvia, to the service of Vesta, to keep alive the sacred flame brought from Troy, and be a virgin priestess forever. But although the maiden was safe from mortal lovers, the god Mars loved her, and she bore him twin boys. The penalty for her offence was to be buried alive, and when this was done, and the terrible uncle had ordered the twins to be thrown into the Tiber, he supposed the danger to his throne was past. But to fight against the gods is not easy. The basket containing Romulus and Remus floated down the Tiber, and was finally cast upon the river bank near the Palatine hill, where the babes were nourished by the historic wolf, and when they had outgrown her

tender ministrations, were fed by woodpeckers, creatures forever after sacred to the Romans, and finally were sheltered and grew to young manhood, in the hut of the herdsman, Faustulus. When Numitor one day chanced to see the two young herdsmen, he was struck by their royal bearing and by their resemblance to his unhappy daughter Rhea Silvia. Then when their foster-father told him the story of their miraculous preservation in infancy, he knew they must indeed be her children; and he declared to them that he was their grandfather; and he told them of their mother and of his own wrongs at the hand of the wicked Amulius. A mighty resolve came into the hearts of the youths; that they would restore him to his throne, and overthrow the wicked usurper; which they did; and Numitor reigned at last in his own kingdom.

But Romulus and Remus were not content to stay in Alba Longa and wait for an inheritance. They determined to return to the hills on the Tiber, and there found their own city. As each desired to choose the site and to give it his name, they appealed to the gods to decide, Romulus standing upon the Palatine hill and Remus upon the Aventine,

watching the heavens for an omen. The flight of six vultures over the Aventine seemed to award the choice to Remus, but a moment later twelve appeared over the Palatine, and Romulus was the chosen founder. He at once commenced to build his city, and when the envious Remus scornfully leaped over the furrow ploughed around it to mark its limits, he slew him, and was left alone to found his kingdom. When his city was ready he sent word to the neighboring tribes that all who were distressed or fugitives for any reason might find asylum there. So men fleeing from justice, slaves escaping from their masters and outcasts of all sorts found sanctuary on the Palatine, and Rome was filled with men with strong arms for its defence. Then Romulus, when the neighboring cities scornfully refused to give their daughters in marriage to outcasts and robbers, cunningly invited the Sabines, his near neighbors, to come on a certain day and witness the games in honor of a religious festival. At a given signal each man seized a maiden and bore her off. To avenge this outrage, known as "The Rape of the Sabines," the Sabine cities, of which Cures was the chief, made war upon the



From the painting by David.

The Sabine Women.

audacious Romans and would finally have captured their city had not the Sabine women interposed. They now loved their lords, and with dishevelled hair and cries and lamentations they rushed down the Palatine hill and threw themselves between their fathers and husbands; and there was peace, and a league was formed uniting the people of Rome and of Cures into one community; it being agreed that Romulus and the Romans should remain upon the Palatine, and to the Sabines and Tatius their king should be assigned the Quirinal, and their city be called Quirium. Hence forever after in Roman records the people are known as "Romans and Quirites." The two kings were to rule conjointly. But Tatius soon died, and Romulus reigned alone. As some of the Etruscans, his most powerful neighbors, had aided in the war with the Sabines, in reward for this they also were assigned to the Cælian hill and were given the rights of citizenship.

Romulus now proceeded to organize his kingdom. He divided it into three tribes; Romans, Sabines, and Etruscans, thenceforth known as the Ramnes, Tities, and Luceres. This was the three-fold foundation for the Roman state. Each of these

main divisions he divided into ten *curiæ*, and these again were composed of *gentes*. Or to state it more correctly, the *gens* was the family, and was the social unit. The *curia* was an association of families or *gentes*, and ten of these *curiæ* formed the tribe, of which, as has been already said, there were three, and upon this triple foundation stood the state. These political divisions were the nucleus which, although modified, remained the core of the Roman state. Romulus then created a body composed of the fathers of the families most distinguished in the founding of Rome. These were called *patres*, because they were to the people what the father was to the *gens*, that is High Priest and with power of life and death, and were also an advisory Council to the King. This body was the Roman Senate, one hundred in number before the union with the Sabines, two hundred after, and later three hundred, when the third tribe (Etruscan) was represented. Then when Romulus had created a military system and divided it into centuries and legions (one century to each *curia*, the whole forming a legion), and had classified the people into two great orders, one the ruling class, and the other the inferior and

dependent, he had laid the foundation for Roman institutions, political, military, and social.

As was fitting, the gods now took him, as they had his great progenitor Æneas. During a festival on the Field of Mars, they enveloped the hills in darkness, and when the thunder and lightning ceased Romulus was gone. His father Mars had carried him to Olympus in his chariot, and he was worshipped as the god Quirinus.

So now there was no king in Rome, and for one year the fathers in the Senate took turns in reigning one after another, as *interrex*, each for five days, while Romans and Sabines quarrelled over the right to choose the king. Finally a compromise was agreed upon. The king was to be a Sabine, but was to be chosen by the Romans. The choice fell upon Numa Pompilius, a wise and just man. War and plunder had been until now the occupation of the people; but Numa was to change all that; not by his own but by divine power. He was beloved by the nymph Egeria, who taught him how he might compel Jupiter to reveal to him the will of the gods. At first the people would not believe that the gods spake

through Numa and they mocked him. So he invited them to a simple feast. At a certain moment he told them Egeria had come to visit him; instantly the water changed to wine, the coarse food to delicious viands, and the rough benches to couches covered with rare and costly stuffs. Then they knew it was true that a divine power dwelt in Numa, and they accepted him as their king and their priest. He taught them to worship Jupiter, Mars, and Quirinus, and the sacred rites and ceremonies which must be used, the prayers, and the simple offerings of cake and milk and the fruits of the ground which the gods loved. There were to be priests to preside at the altars, but pure virgins to keep alive the sacred flame on the altar of Vesta; and he created four augurs whose duty it was to report the flight of the sacred birds, and he appointed a chief "pontifex," learned in all sacred mysteries, who guarded the service and could properly construe the statutes, and save the people from incurring the wrath of the gods, through using wrong prayers or neglecting any rites. In other words, Numa gathered the diffused religious sentiment in the nation into a sacerdotal system, and if thereafter, kings

and magistrates and rulers spake by authority, it was by virtue of the gods who made them the instruments for their will, and the channel for their commands.

The Temple of Janus, which was only opened in time of war, was closed during the forty-three years of Numa's reign, and all peaceful arts were encouraged, and the artisans were divided into guilds according to their occupation; and the lands conquered by Romulus were distributed among the poor; and altars erected to Terminus, the god of boundaries, and to Fides, the goddess of Faith; the one to make sacred the rights of property, and the other that honor and good faith might lie at the foundation of Society. Then, his work being done, the good Numa died, and was buried on the hill Janiculus beyond the Tiber.

CHAPTER III.

BUT Tullus Hostilius, who was next chosen by the Senate, was not a lover of peace. He feared the Romans were growing effeminate and would forget how to fight. He was soon engaged in a fierce contest with the Albans. At last it became evident that either Rome would own Alba, or Alba Rome, and the issue rested upon the fate of a final battle. There chanced to be among the Romans three brothers born at one birth, the Horatii, and among the Albans three other brothers, also of the same age, named the Curiatii. It was agreed that a combat between these champions should decide the fate of the quarrel. In the presence of both armies they fought. The three Curiatii were wounded, but two of the Horatii were slain. Then, the surviving Horatius pretended to fly. Pursued by the three Curiatii the cunning Roman looked back, and when he saw his pursuers were well separated, swiftly turned

upon them and slew them one at a time, gathered up their vestments, and was borne back in triumph to Rome. But his sister loved and was betrothed to one of the Curiatii, and when at sight of his blood-stained garment she wept and lamented, Horatius in a rage slew her also. The victor was condemned by the judges to be given to the executioner. But by the law of Rome he might appeal from the sentence of the Senate to the Roman people, his peers, who, because he had saved Rome, now saved him. But always afterward the Horatian gens was obliged to offer an annual sacrifice in expiation of this sin. The mighty city of Alba Longa was now destroyed, and the conquered people were compelled to come and dwell in Rome and help Tullus in his wars with Etruscans and Sabines. But the Albans were not like other strangers. Rome was founded by an Alban prince, so Tullus admitted many of the noble families into the body of the patricians, the poorer class going to swell the number of the common people. But the worship of the gods had been neglected, and when a plague broke out among the people, Tullus remembered his sin, and tried to obtain a sign from Jupiter. That wrathful god

answered his prayer with lightnings, and Tullus and all his house were destroyed.

In the hope of placating heaven, Ancus Marcius, the grandson of the good Numa, was now chosen king. He was not unwilling to fight, for he conquered all of Latium between Rome and the sea, and planted a colony at the mouth of the Tiber, which he called Ostia. But he also restored the purity of the service of the gods. He fortified the hill Janiculum, where his grandsire was buried, and connected it with Rome by a wooden bridge over the Tiber. He distributed conquered lands among the poor, and tried to follow in the footsteps of the great Numa.

The two orders into which Romulus originally divided the Roman people were composed of patrons and clients. Each of the early leading families or gentes had gathered about itself numerous servants and dependants, thus making a community of lords and vassals. The patrons, or lords, were members of the three tribes, and hence of the body-politic, while their clients had nothing whatever to do with the state except through their private relation to their lords as vassals. In the course of time these patrons, or patricii,

came to be called patricians, as distinguished from the patres or senators. They alone could make the laws and choose the king. They were the *Populus Romanus*; and when the Roman people are spoken of, it is the patricians alone who are designated. Then there came into existence a third class, composed at first probably of unclassified remnants of the earliest people, swelling into great numbers chiefly through the conquest of other cities. They were freemen but not citizens. They were unlike the clients in that they were subject to no lord or patron, and like them in that they had no connection with the state. These were the plebeians, the common people.

The two orders, patricians and plebeians, were in the very nature of things hostile to each other, and the history of their struggle is the history of early Rome. It was a struggle not for supremacy, but for equality, and every concession wrung by the plebeians from the patricians was a step toward the consummate grandeur attained by Rome; and then every encroachment upon the equality thus gained, was another step toward her final dissolution. The history of this struggle maintained for centuries with such mod-

eration and such constancy has inscribed itself upon that model of human justice, the body of Roman law—composed of enactments wrung from the patricians; a record which finds its only counterpart in that of the British Constitution. Strangely enough in the annals of Europe it is England, with no drop of Latin blood in her veins, which most resembles the Roman state in its persistent pursuit and attainment of an equality of rights for her commons.

In a state which was growing by conquest and whose battles they fought, and in which they were numerically superior, the plebeians were politically non-existent.

Let us, if we can, imagine the descendants of the Revolutionary and Colonial families in the city of New York the ruling class, and the entire political effacement of all the rest of the people. This will give some idea of the conditions in the Roman state. It was an aristocracy of birth. The man who could not trace his lineage to the founders of the nation had not a single right of citizenship, and his connection with the state was simply by sufferance. There was still another class in Rome, which had neither rights nor freedom. These were the slaves, which

had constant accessions to their numbers through conquest. The plebeians were not slaves. They were personally free; might own property and regulate their own domestic and municipal affairs in their home upon the Aventine, where they dwelt, a separate community outside of the city walls—the *Ager Romanus*. Intermarriage or equality of any sort, with the dwellers in the city, the patricians, was impossible. They were subject to the king, and to the laws, and must fight the battles of the common country when called upon, but with no share in the conquered lands, nor the accruing benefits to the state.

Before leaving this subject it will be interesting to note the traces of the word *gens* in our own language. *Gentle*, *genteel*, *gentleman*, are all among its descendants—and in speaking of Jews and *Gentiles*, it is Jews and Roman patricians that are intended. It is also helpful to know that in Roman names—usually composed of three—the first is the personal name, or *prænomen*, the second the name of the *gens*, the *nomen*, and the third that of the family, the *cognomen*; the *nomen* or *gens* always terminating in *ius*. Thus in Caius Julius Cæsar, *Caius* is the

individual name, *Julius* that of the Julian gens (descended from Iulus or Ascanius), and *Cæsar* the special branch of that gens to which he belongs. Every member of the Julian gens was a Julius, and of the Cornelian and Horatian, a Cornelius or Horatius. Without understanding this, the repetition of names found in Roman history is confusing.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM the mythical story of Rome we have thus far been able to read that Romulus (meaning strength) stands for the initial force which first collected the elements of the state; Numa (meaning law) for the establishing of religious and civil institutions; while the third period under Tullus and Ancus, stands for the beginning of the age of conquest, by the absorption and assimilation of neighboring tribes and peoples. Now, in the fourth and last regal period, there is introduced a foreign influence which is to be fatal. The Etruscans, hitherto a subordinate element, became the dominant race. There is not time to tell how an Etruscan refugee became King of Rome. But such was Tarquinius Priscus, who was next chosen by the Senate. The Romans and Sabines (or the Ramnes and Tities) had until now been the controlling races. The third tribe, the Luceres or Etruscans, belonged to the *curiæ*

but had never been represented in the Senate. Tarquin appointed 100 new Senators from this tribe—and also two more vestal virgins, raising the number to six. He then undertook a still more revolutionary measure. There was not an equality of condition among the plebeians. While the mass of this people was wretchedly poor, some were rich and some of noble birth in other lands. These he proposed to add to the body of patrician gentes, and in the face of fierce opposition it was done. Whatever were his motives this was in reality an assault upon the power of the nobles, and a long step had been taken toward centralizing the power of the state in the king, and converting an oligarchy into an absolute monarchy. The condition of the plebeians was unchanged and even more wretched than before, for upon them fell the task of the great public works which still exist as a memorial of this reign. At this time water filled the depressions at the foot of the Quirinal and Palatine hills. The Cloaca Maxima, the great drain which carried this body of water into the Tiber bears witness to-day to the power of the man who planned it and the marvellous skill of those who executed it. It was com-

posed of three concentric arches, forming a semicircular vault fourteen feet in diameter. Its artificers were doubtless from Etruria, where similar works are still found, and so perfect was the workmanship that not a block has been displaced, and between the stones, laid without mortar or cement, it is said a knife-blade cannot be inserted, and the great cloaca performs its work as thoroughly to-day as it did 2,500 years ago. Upon an irregular strip of ground thus reclaimed was laid out the cattle market, or the Forum Boarium, where later were to stand the arches of Titus and of Severus, and the Temple of Saturn, of which the beautiful fragment still remains. The Cloaca Maxima, with its ramifying branches underlying the city, also drained the valley between the Palatine and Aventine, and there Tarquin laid out a race-course, the Circus Maximus, for the chariot-races and Roman games; and on the Capitoline he laid the foundations, still existing, for the great Temple of Jupiter. But all these works were less important than his conquests in Etruria, which probably brought an influx of people from that old and exclusively aristocratic state, bringing with them social and

religious usages which gave a deep and lasting coloring to those of primitive Rome. What Constantinople was at a later time to the Russians, that Etruria must have been to the Roman, who, with no ancestral splendor, was learning his first lesson in sumptuousness ; for now we first hear of the lictors and their ivory chairs and purple togas, and with this elevation came the consequent degradation and misery of the class below. We learn that the plebeians, who built the great drain, were, like the Hebrews in Egypt, task-workers, and that they frequently killed themselves in despair over the tasks they were called upon to perform. And so when Tarquin the elder fell by the hand of an assassin he left a stronger and greater Rome, but one which had become a tyranny.

We cannot dwell upon the circumstances which brought the good Servius to the throne. His heart seems to have been set upon alleviating the miseries of the plebeians ; and, wise as well as good, he saw that this could only be done by striking at the very foundation of the social structure. The only bond uniting the entire people was a military one. Servius created a new all-embracing order, with a classification not tribal, but based upon

property. In other words, he gathered all the people into a military organization; an elaborately graded system of tribes and centuries, in which the wealthiest, richly armored and with sword and spear were at the top, and the poorest, with slings and arrows, at the base. This was the *Comitia Centuriata*, or Assembly of the Centuries, a popular assembly which joined the plebeians to the body politic. It bestowed not power but privilege. Some of their order might now dwell within the city, and all might meet at one extremity of the Forum, while the *curiæ* met at the other; the united bodies on occasions assembling on the Field of Mars. It was a change in the constitution freighted with immense consequences, and that it was possible for Servius so to defy and limit the authority of the aristocratic class, shows how despotic had become the kingly power during the previous reign. The chief authority had been hitherto vested in the *curiæ*. It was the *curiæ* which conferred upon the king his sovereignty (*imperium*). He could not make a single law without the consent of that body, to which also every patrician sentenced to death by the king might appeal—as did Horatius. Now, in a state always at war,

and in which every man was a soldier, there had been created a Popular Assembly with entire jurisdiction over military affairs. It is easy to see that this body was destined to absorb into itself every vestige of authority, and leave the aristocratic Comitia Curiae an empty shell. Having broken down the wall of political separation, Servius then built another wall of stone and cement which girdled the seven hills, and the people on the Aventine, although not within the sacred enclosure, shared this protection from hostile attack.

According to the ancient legend the life of this benefactor terminated in a cruel tragedy. His son-in-law, the son of Tarquinius, claimed the throne by right of descent, and caused him to be slain. Tullia, the daughter of Servius, driving in her chariot to the Forum over the dead body of her father and with his blood upon her skirts, saluted her husband—"Hail to thee, King Tarquinius!" and Tarquin the Proud, Tarquinius Superbus, the last King of Rome, commenced his reign.

Unrestricted power was now in the hands of a vicious, unscrupulous king, who treated both assemblies with contempt, acknowledging no restraining authority. He compelled

the people to work without pay upon the temples he was building on the Capitoline (the Capitol and Citadel), and so treacherous and insolent was he to his own order, as well as cruel to the plebeians, that when a terrible crime was committed by his son Sextus, the entire people arose to expel him. This act was a cruel outrage upon Lucretia, the daughter of a noble Roman and wife of Collatinus, who was prefect of Rome, and a cousin of the king. Lucretia sent for her father and for her husband and Lucius Brutus his kinsman, and clad in mourning garments she told them of the wrong she had suffered, and then plunged a knife into her own heart. They carried the body and the dripping knife to the Forum, and there Brutus appealed to the people to avenge this deed. With one accord they arose. King Tarquin and all of his accursed house were driven out of the city, and the gates were closed upon them. The Roman monarchy after 240 years had come to its end (493 B.C.).

CHAPTER V.

THE world then as now was weaving its future, and then, as it has always done, was building to-day upon the ruins of yesterdays. Two spiritual kingdoms had recently been planted in Asia ; one in the south by Buddha, and another in the East by Confucius. The great nations of antiquity were crumbling. Babylon the mighty had just fallen. Phœnicia, old and enfeebled, was struggling with Assyria. Carthage, that vigorous young Phœnician offshoot, was extending her sturdy branches along the African coast and the Spanish Peninsula. Persia, after laying Babylonia low, was girding herself for her onslaught upon Greece ; while Greece, with her brilliant cities all along the shores of the Mediterranean, was serenely moving toward her splendid meridian. Sybaris, Pæstum, Cumæ, Neapolis, on the Italian coast, were the abodes of fabulous luxury. What cared they whether the bar-

barians upon the Tiber were ruled by kings or consuls? The passing of the regal period at Rome was an event too insignificant to be observed. But Carthage, with her alert trading instincts, had even at this early day made a commercial league with the Romans.

The name king had become odious to both orders. They chose two chief magistrates, who should rule for one year, and these should be called prætors, or consuls. Each should be attended by twelve lictors bearing as a symbol of power the *fascēs*, bundles of rods, those with the projecting axe attending each consul in turn, the supreme power being vested in them alternately. The first consuls chosen were Lucius Junius Brutus and Collatinus Tarquinius, the husband of Lucretia. It was soon discovered that a band of patrician youths were plotting for the restoration of King Tarquin. When the young conspirators were brought before the consuls two sons of Brutus were among them. The stern Roman father condemned them with the rest, and himself gave the order to the lictors to scourge and then behead them with the axe. The Senate now decreed that not one of the house of Tarquin must remain in Rome, and Collatinus, the husband of Lucre-

tia and one of the chief founders of the Republic, went into banishment with the rest of his detested name.

King Tarquin enlisted the aid of the powerful Etruscans, and many times Rome seemed nearly lost. It was to prevent complicity with these desperate attempts that there was created a new magistrate, who in times of great emergency or peril might be elected to supersede the consuls, with an absolute authority from which there should be no appeal. This was the Dictator. But consul or dictator when no longer under the official ægis might for unlawful use of authority be impeached, and suffer like any other citizen.

It was when King Porsenna, of Clusium, the champion of Tarquin, arrived with his army at the bridge across the Tiber that Horatius performed his immortal act of valor. With two others he held the entrance to the bridge while it was being broken down behind them. Just before the destruction was complete his two companions fled back to the city, but he, receiving upon his shield the rain of arrows, waited until the last plank had fallen, then fully armored, leaped into the Tiber, and swam to the opposite shore. So a second time had a Horatian saved Rome.

The last and fiercest battle at Lake Regillus was nearly lost, when suddenly there appeared two youths, on white chargers. The gods had interposed, for these were Castor and Pollux, the sacred twins. They turned the tide of victory, and the grateful Romans erected a temple for their worship in the Forum. Tarquin, wearied and disheartened, now retired to the Greek city of Cumæ, and there he died.

The fourteen years of war since the expulsion of Tarquin had brought utter ruin upon the plebeians. Not alone had their farms been deserted while they fought, but lying outside the city, in the Campagna, as most of them did, they had been ravaged by hostile bands, their cattle and flocks carried off, and homesteads burned. The patricians, who had suffered none of these things, had, from time to time, loaned them money to restock their farms, and to keep them from starvation. But now that there was peace, and they no longer needed the help of the people, the mask of friendship was torn off. The time had come when their own order could be restored to its old supremacy. The Roman law of debt was of frightful severity. If the debt was not discharged at the ap-

pointed time, the creditor might sell the debtor and all his sons to the highest bidder. Or if the father preferred to spare his children such a fate, he might be put to death, his body be hewed in pieces, and distributed in proper proportion among his creditors ; it being especially provided, in anticipation of some future Portia, that a little more or a little less made no difference. The plebeians found that they were becoming the bonded slaves of the patricians, on account of losses sustained in fighting their battles, and that all the rights obtained for them by Servius were trampled upon.

They resolved to bear it no longer. They solemnly marched in a body to a hill on the Tiber north of Rome. There they would build their own city and dwell, and leave the patricians and their clients and their slaves to themselves. This meant the dissolution of the Republic. There was consternation in Rome. Embassies were sent, offers of concessions made. The plebeians knew what they wanted ; nothing less would satisfy them. All debts must be cancelled ; those already sold into bondage must have their freedom restored ; and two officials must be created in their own order, with the authority

and the desire to protect them from patrician injustice. The power and the persons of these Tribunes, or masters of the tribes, were to be sacred and inviolable as those of the consuls; and in matters touching the rights of the plebeians, their jurisdiction was to extend over the patricians themselves, who could be impeached and must stand trial before the Assembly of the Tribes.

Not until the last point was yielded would the determined seceders sign the treaty; and the hill where this solemn league was made was forever called the *Mons Sacer* or Sacred Hill. The bestowal of the power to arrest legislation shows how desperate was the situation of the patricians. By the single word *veto*, "I forbid it," the tribune could hold any measure in suspense, and such a weapon was conceded only because something worse was feared.

The story of Coriolanus shows how bitter was the feeling in his order, and what a difficult task it must have been for the more moderate spirits to bring about a reconciliation through such sweeping concessions. Ship-loads of corn had been sent by a Greek city for the relief of the misery in Rome. When it was proposed in the Senate to dis-

tribute this among the suffering plebeians, the haughty patrician exclaimed, contemptuously, "Why do they ask for corn? They have got their tribunes. Let them go back to their Sacred Hill, and leave us to rule alone!" The tribunes sternly summoned Coriolanus to appear before them on account of this insolent language. He refused to appear, and then, enraged at finding he was not sustained by the body of the patricians, and shaking the dust of the ungrateful city from his feet, he went into voluntary exile, offered his services to the Volscians, the enemies of Rome, and returned at the head of an army. It is said that when his mother met him with bitter reproaches he relented, saying, "Oh! my mother, thou hast saved Rome, but lost thy son!" then returned to the Volscians to be slain for betraying their cause. The story is used by Shakespeare for one of his noblest dramas.

Although much had been gained there was still one deep-seated cause for poverty, which was reducing the most numerous body of Roman citizens to beggary. They had not land enough to feed them. A tract which in the time of the kings had been set apart as a

royal domain, had, since the patricians returned to power, been used by them for pasturage. When Spurius Cassius, who was consul in 486 B.C., proposed an agrarian law, which should divide these public lands among the people, the patricians, as was natural, vehemently opposed it. But Cassius was determined and powerful, and the memory of the Sacred Hill was still fresh. It would be better to pass the measure now, and make it a dead letter afterward. So they bided their time. As soon as the great consul's term of office expired, a charge was brought against him of treason. This "Agrarian Law," it was said, was only part of a wicked design to secure the support of the people in making himself king. He was tried by the *curiæ*, found guilty, and condemned to the death of a traitor, was scourged, then beheaded, and his house razed to the ground.

The young patricians, in their clubs and brotherhoods, were always agitators in the extreme party of their order, and found great entertainment in forays under the cover of darkness, when they would commit outrages in the plebeian quarter. The ringleader among these young aristocrats was Kæso Quinctius, son of the great Roman patriot,

Cincinnatus. After some particularly shameful act, the plebeian tribune impeached Kæso, summoned him to appear before the Assembly of the Tribes and he was sent into exile. When a band of Sabines, led by Roman exiles, a little later surprised the city, many believed that the young Kæso was one of the instigators. It was soon after this that the Romans were defeated in a battle with the Volscians and Equians, and their consul made a prisoner. The great Cincinnatus, father of Kæso, was appointed dictator, swiftly defeated the Volscians, made them "pass under the yoke," released the consul, and then came back to make the tribunes feel the weight of his displeasure. No agrarian law, he declared, should go into effect while he had power to prevent it. And probably no act in his dictatorship pleased him more than inflicting condign punishment upon the accusers of his son Kæso.

We strongly suspect that the old hero, when his triumphs were over, retired to his farm on the Campagna, not because he so loved democratic simplicity, as that he so hated a rising democratic ascendancy, which was dragging Rome down from her once high estate! They were degenerate days indeed

when low-born plebeians had power to arraign and punish patricians ! And we can imagine the tears of honest shame and humiliation shed by the grand old aristocrat, whom we revere to-day as the supreme type of the democratic citizen.

CHAPTER VI.

THERE was one powerful weapon held by the commons which no ingenuity of the patricians could take away from them. They could refuse to serve as soldiers; and this they were doing with increasing frequency; and when they did fight the spirit which had once made the legions invincible had departed. It was during the consulship of Kæso Fabius that one of these crises arrived. The army, supported by the tribunes, refused to fight. The Fabian gens was one of the proudest among the patricians. They had led in the opposition to the agrarian law of Spurius Cassius, and also in his condemnation. It is not probable that the personal feelings of Fabius had changed, or that he felt any less bitterly than Coriolanus and Cincinnatus about the elevation of the commons. But he had the political wisdom to see the injury done to the state by withholding justice from the people whose services were

indispensable to it. He suddenly changed his whole attitude, and threw the great weight of his name and influence into the advocacy of the cause he had tried to defeat. He insisted that the agrarian law should at once become operative; and when his arguments were treated with scorn by the patricians, the entire Fabian gens, numbering over three hundred, with their clients and their slaves, and a few patrician families who wished to share their fortunes, marched solemnly out of the city gates. Then, as if to emphasize the nobility of their purpose, they made a fortified camp on the borders of Etruria for the protection of Rome; and after doing the state good service for one year, were surprised during a religious festival by a band of Veintines and slaughtered to a man. The plebeians had lost their most powerful friends. The law of debt was unchanged. The enormous rate of interest had been reduced, but the savage penalties were the same. Soldiers returning from long campaigns and finding their children crying for bread would make loans from the rich and then become their slaves. The tribunes were unceasing in trying to obtain redress for special cases of oppression, but the main

struggle of each tribunate was for their agrarian rights, encouraging the people to refuse to respond to the levies for troops until justice was done. At a time of extreme pressure the patrician lords made a concession; they granted the plebeians the Aventine Hill for their own possession (under the Icilian Law, which had long been urged). The land being insufficient to give one plot to each, several persons received one allotment, who jointly built their house, each story being occupied by a family. Such a residence being called *insulæ*, while *domus* is the term for the mansion occupied by a single family. But such concession gave only temporary relief and the relations of the orders were becoming more and more embittered. Appius Claudius, when his soldiers at a critical time refused to take the field against the Volscians, sternly commanded that every tenth man in his legions be put to death; and it was done. Then, when his consulship expired the proud Appius was summoned to appear before the tribunes, and realizing the humiliation and condemnation which awaited him he committed suicide.

It was a time full of peril for Rome. One tribune had been assassinated and also many leading plebeians, and there is a fearful story

of eight tribunes being burned alive. Violence had taken the place of law, and unless the moderate spirits in both orders could check the rising tide of passion, civil war was inevitable. A truce was declared while some compromise could be considered. It was finally agreed that the existing troubles arose from the indefiniteness of the laws controlling the relations of the two orders. It was also agreed that a commission of ten should be appointed to draw up a legal code by which equal justice should be dealt out to the entire Roman people—patricians and plebeians alike. It was especially intended that this code should accurately determine the limits of authority to be exercised by magistrates, and the modes of redress and procedure in the protection of lives and property (the Terentillian Law). During these labors the patricians and the plebeians were to give up their consuls and their tribunes, and be entirely subject to the Council of Ten—which was to be chosen from both orders, and to be called “The Decemvirate” (450 B.C.).

Chief among these decemvirs was Appius Claudius, son of the consul of that name who executed every tenth man in his legion.

The Code of Laws which was the work of the first decemvirate is known as the "Twelve Tables," and it is now the basis of the legal systems of a large part of Europe, and of America. It was in the second decemvirate that the mask was thrown aside. Appius had made himself so popular that he was re-elected, and Rome soon found herself in the hands of a despot, with nine imitators ready to do his bidding. It was said that instead of one Tarquin, she now had ten. She seemed under a spell which she knew not how to break; and many citizens fled and joined the colonists outside.

There was living on the Aventine a wealthy plebeian named Virginius, a centurion. His daughter Virginia, as beautiful as the day, was betrothed to Icilius, a former tribune. Appius one morning chanced to see the young maiden on her way to school. He quickly ordered Claudius, one of his clients, to seize her and claim her as his slave. When her cries and those of her nurse attracted a crowd, Claudius explained that this girl was the child of his slave, and when an infant was stolen to fill the place of a child who had died in the house of Virginius. This he could prove. But he would lay his

case before the Decemvir Appius and abide by his decision. The next morning Virginius and Icilius and weeping friends were at the Forum when the child was brought before the great Appius; and when he gave judgment that she should remain in the custody of Claudius until Virginius had proved his right to her, they knew she was lost. The lictor advanced to seize her. Virginius humbly asked if he might speak one word with her before she was removed. Then taking her in his arms and whispering "It is the only way, my daughter," he plunged a knife into her bosom.

The whole of the Roman populace was aroused to a state of fury. The Senate called upon the decemvirs to resign. The commons without their tribunes were utterly defenceless, and knew not what fresh tyranny awaited them. Once more they marched to the Sacred Hill, there to treat with the ambassadors from the Senate, or there to remain, if their terms were not accepted.

They demanded three things: That their tribunes be restored; that the right of appeal from the sentence of the consuls be enjoyed by them as by the patricians; and that the ten decemvirs be burnt alive!

The last savage demand was abandoned, but the others were accepted by the Senate. The first act of the new tribunate, which now held ten tribunes, was the impeachment of Appius by Virginius, the charge being a violation of his own law, just framed in the Twelve Tables: "that a person claimed as slave, should be free until the claim was established." The proud patrician could not bear the humiliation of his downfall and, as his father had done not long before, committed suicide in prison.

As Lucretia had destroyed the monarchy, so the fair Roman child Virginia had overthrown the decemvirate.

There could be no settled peace until complete equality, social and political, was accorded to the commons. Another agitation quickly followed. Two laws were simultaneously proposed by the tribunes. The first of these was the Canuleian Law: legalizing marriage between the two orders. "If we are different races of men," said they, "if our blood will not mingle, then let us live apart." It was the old threat of secession; and after a storm of opposition the patricians yielded and the wall of caste was broken down. But the other demand attacked the

last stronghold of patrician Rome, and eighty years were to pass before it would be conceded. It was that the consulship should be thrown open to plebeians. To refuse might be dangerous. The tribunes were reminded of the sacred duties belonging to the office, and that the auspices could only be taken by those in whose veins coursed pure patrician blood. And here again was the claim of a difference in kind, and another reason why, as the commons said, they should be a separate people. Finally, a compromise was reached. Instead of a consulate there should, during a portion of the time, be a military tribunate, to which both orders were alike eligible. This was agreed to in 444 B.C., and not until 400 did a single plebeian fill the office! It was by such empty promises as this that the patient plebeians were again and again beguiled; a thing difficult to reconcile with that good faith which is the corner-stone of Roman character, the key-stone of their arch. The Roman commons were not contending with an honorable foe, but a foe which under great pressure, would yield the point in dispute, and then by legislation deprive the thing granted of its value, or the office conceded of the authority it had hitherto pos-

sessed, and render the triumph void. The history of the long conflict is a succession of such tricks and evasions. Their honor and good faith consisted in fidelity to a code, not to a sense of right and justice ; and their code did not recognize the plebeians as equals, hence promises to them had no binding power.

CHAPTER VII.

ROME was now mistress of all of Latium. The Equians and Volscians had also been driven back by the renewed spirit in the legions ; and there had commenced a life and death struggle with the great Etrurian city of Veii. There was an old prediction that Veii would fall when the Alban Lake flowed into the sea—which meant—never. So although the city was besieged they were not dismayed. Then by orders of the Roman Senate, a tunnel was commenced leading from the lake to the river Anio. For a distance of three miles it was cut through volcanic stone, making an outlet five feet high and three feet wide ; and the waters of the Alban Lake were soon flowing to the sea, and are doing so still ! At the same time the great Camillus was digging a mine which terminated under the sanctuary in the citadel of the doomed city ; and when armed Roman soldiers rose from the floor the prediction was fulfilled and

Veii, like ancient Troy, had fallen. The city was thrown open to Roman colonists to the great relief of the plebeian quarter, and to the Veintines were assigned homes on the Cælian hill.

A new and unprecedented storm was about to break upon the Eternal City. The Gauls, those barbarians of Western Europe, who had long been troubling Etruria, were investing Clusium. That city appealed to Rome for help, and in response three envoys from the Senate met Brennus, the barbarian leader, and announced to him that Clusium was under Roman protection. But, they did something more than negotiate; they fought and rendered efficient service to their Etruscan friends in a battle which was in progress. Brennus was not so much of a barbarian that he did not understand his rights. He declared that the law of nations had been violated, and he should take immediate vengeance upon Rome. When the Romans learned that the Gauls were almost at their gates, there was a panic. They fled by thousands to Veii and other neighboring cities. Eighty venerable senators and a small force upon the rocky pinnacle of the capital alone remained. The Gauls, through open gates,

entered a silent city, and when they reached the Forum they were awe-stricken. There sat eighty senators in their ivory chairs, venerable, silent, immovable. They believed a company of gods had come down from Heaven. But when one old man fiercely resented a touch upon his beard by a blow with his ivory staff, the spell was broken ; he was slain, and then the rest were quickly dispatched. While the city was burning, and for months afterward, the Capitol on its rocky eminence was held by Manlius and his little band ; every attempt to scale the slippery height being defeated ; until that famous dawn when the geese gave warning that the enemy was coming ; and the defenders had just time to hurl down those in advance who carried the rest with them. And so for seven months the Gauls rioted and waited, until at last, sated and demoralized, and with news of the invasion of their own homes in the North, they withdrew.

Rome was only a blackened ruin. With difficulty were the people dissuaded from abandoning it, and making Veii their city. But at last all had returned and were striving to rebuild and efface the ravages of the destroying host. Again were the plebeians

plunged in hopeless debt to the superior order ; and again were all the rigors of the law of debt carried out without mercy. Manlius, upon seeing some of his bravest soldiers, the defenders of the Capitol, dragged to prison, himself paid their debts. So frequently did he do this, and so bitterly did he reproach the patricians, that in exasperation they accused him of seeking popularity with ambitious designs. It was declared that his generosity was only a part of a treasonable plot to make himself king. He was tried, condemned, and thrown off the Tarpeian rock—the rock which his valor had held for seven months, the one spot in Rome he had kept untouched by barbarian feet.

The old conflict between the orders was reaching its final stage. Three laws were proposed by the Tribune Licinius : one mitigating the law of debt ; another restricting the amount of land to be used by any individual ; and the third that henceforth there be, not military tribunes, but two consuls ; one of whom should always be a plebeian. These are known as the “Licinian Rogations.”

It was the iron will and the inflexible purpose of two tribunes, Caius Licinius and

Lucius Sextius, which accomplished the seemingly impossible task of compelling the patricians to yield to these demands. For ten years they labored, being reappointed nine times, and during all of the last five years using their right of veto to stop the wheels of government; not permitting a single levy for the army, nor the election of a single magistrate, consul, military tribune, quaestor, or censor. The Senate in despair called Camillus to the dictatorship. But when that wise old warrior saw the invincible spirit of the tribunes, he advised honorable capitulation. The patricians yielded. The long struggle was ended; and in 367 B.C., the first plebeian consul, Lucius Sextius, took his place in the curule chair. Camillus vowed a temple to Concord in commemoration of the great event. He had won his laurel wreath at the capture of Veii. But as he who rules his spirit is greater than he who takes a city, so the brave Roman's chief title to glory is as "Camillus the Peace-Maker."

There was the usual attempt to impoverish the office by assigning its judicial functions to a praetor, an office then created for that purpose. But this was only delaying the inevitable; for in 351 B.C. the censorship

was open to the commons; in 337 the prætorship was obtained; and in 300, plebeians filled the priestly offices of pontifex and augur, and by the year 172 B.C. the patrician families had so decreased that both consulships were held by plebeians. Political power had not been the aim, but by slow and painful steps it had been attained. With surprising moderation there had never been a single demand except for relief from specific grievances, touching persons and property. The way had been long, and on its chief mile-stones we find inscribed: *Tribuneship*, 493.—*Agrarian Law*, 486.—*Terentillian Law* (the new code), 454.—*Canuleian Law* (legalizing intermarriage), 454.—*Publilian Law* (freeing elections from power of the curiæ), 340.—*Licinian Law* (admission of plebs to the consulate), 367, followed by gradual opening of all the curule and sacred offices, and the union of the assemblies of the curiæ and the tribes, by the year 300 B.C.

The equalization of her commons and patricians is the central nerve in the history of the Republic. Her far-reaching conquests were a magnificent display of power. But it was the core of character created in the

long internal struggle, which made that power possible, and which was the source of the enduring mastery of the empire, even after that character had long departed. Neither order could have made Rome. Each needed the other. The commons lacked the dignity and sense of mastery which comes from long-established supremacy; and the patricians, debauched by the use and abuse of supreme power, must have perished without the infusion of fresh uncorrupted strength—the strength which comes from suffering patiently borne in a long, brave battle with oppression. This had been for the commons a political education and a training in the principles of justice. With strength no longer wasted at home, and with legions fighting as they had never fought before, an age of conquest began. There were some defeats (a colossal and bitter one at Caudium, 321), but more victories, and, one by one, rival and hostile cities were being gathered into Roman dominion.

CHAPTER VIII.

THESE were obscure events in those stirring times. The healing of a family quarrel at Rome was not discussed by the gay young revellers at Syracuse and Tarentum. There were great actors on the stage then, and momentous issues. The everlasting drama was being played. There were great powers, and lesser powers, and crumbling cities and nations that were no powers at all ; and there was greed—greed for territory, and for mastery ; and suspicion and fear, and craft, and cunning, all—all were there, while the struggle was going on for the grand prize, that dream of every ambitious nation—universal dominion. Sometimes Carthage and sometimes Greece was in the lead for this mastery in the Mediterranean world. Etruria, once powerful on the great stage, had lapsed into obscurity. Phœnicia, in utter decadence, was making futile attempts at self-preservation ; Egypt, Persia, and even Assyria and Chaldea, in their own decrepitude, making her last days

miserable. Greece and Carthage, in the plenitude of their strength, were the two gladiators. Mutually antagonistic, one stood for the supreme type of civilization, the other for the incarnation of the spirit of trade without one humanizing trait; the wicked child of an even more wicked Asiatic mother. No greater misfortune could come to the world than for Carthage to obtain the mastery; and that was what many times seemed imminent, as she battered away at the beautiful old Greek cities which studded the shores of Southern Italy and of Sicily. It was these incessant conflicts, and the fatal rivalries among themselves which had reduced the splendid constellation of Greek colonies to a few flickering stars, Sybaris, Pæstum, Cumæ, already in ruins. Wherever Greek civilization came, there came also the life-giving principle; and where the cruel grasp of Carthage fastened, there was arrested life and hopeless sodden barbarism; as illustrated by Sicily, the most brilliant spot in the pre-Roman world, and Sardinia and Corsica her Carthaginian sisters, the drudges and slaves of a cruel mistress. Such were the conditions, and such the actors in the pre-Roman drama; and when one of those periodical storms swept over the

Mediterranean, the feeble clutched tighter their precarious kingdoms, and the Russias and the Englands watched eagerly to see how they might emerge from the chaos, richer and greater than before ; the feeble watching how they too might pick up a few crumbs wherewith to renew their failing strength.

But Greece, with a fatal political system, wise in all wisdom except political wisdom, could never have attained universal dominion. Joined to her tremendous power of will, Rome had an instinct for organization. Now, with her fresh accession of military strength, with a perfect and willing instrument at hand to carry out the mandates of her imperious will, and with a renewed and consolidated organism to embody her administrative genius, the City of the Seven Hills was unconsciously moving toward that universal mastery of which she had never dreamed. The mastery even over her own peninsula was unpremeditated ; like England in India, each advance made to protect those already made, and for the preservation of the whole. So not by her own seeking she was approaching the frontiers of the great arena.

In the study of history nothing is more obvious than the unconsciousness with which

men and nations and empires, intent only upon their own selfish purposes, are developing vast designs of which they have never thought. Rome's advent upon the great stage was at the right moment. It would have been futile before the recent crisis in her internal life ; and for the nascent Roman power to have been overthrown by Carthage or by Alexander, as it might have been had he lived, would have removed the foundations of civilization as it exists to-day. So persistently does this thread of divine purpose run through history, ancient and modern, working out the predetermined plan, the inference becomes irresistible that the overturnings of nations for selfish and temporary ends are only stitches in a design so vast it must be seen through the perspective of years, or of centuries.

Aided by the Gauls, all of Italy was finally aroused to a combined effort at self-preservation. It was a terrible school for the legions, they were being welded into men of steel. Nothing could stand before them. One by one the Northern nations succumbed, and when the powerful Samnites in the South were vanquished, all of Italy had become Roman (272 B.C.).

But if the Roman legions had vanquished the Italian States, it was the administrative genius of Rome which retained them in her tenacious grasp. By converting Volscians, Etruscans, Samnites, at once into Romans—by establishing in the conquered provinces a vital and intimate relation with Rome, and Rome alone—by entangling them in the meshes of an ingeniously woven net of sovereignty from which they could not escape—once hers, she made them hers forever. The difference between Greek and Roman colonization was characteristic. The Greek colony became an independent organism; the Roman, only an extension of the metropolis. Each city was only a smaller Rome, with its patricians, its Senate, its two chief magistrates—and a system of carefully restricted Roman citizenship. Perfectly unique in its conception, this was the nucleus of a vast empire governed by a single city.

In weaving this magnificent system over the peninsula, Rome was unconscious of its wisdom, and that it would serve when her provinces extended from the British Isles to Chaldea. The Roman brain was a very simple affair beside that of the Greek. It had no subtleties; was not brilliant nor specula-

tive. Their government was not the result of theory, but of experiment, always moving with a sure instinct toward that which made for power and permanence in institutional life. There was not a man in the Senate who could have discussed the theory of government with the philosophic Greeks ; but by intuition they had discovered what the Greeks would have done well to learn—the power of the *associative principle*.

But the collective incapacity of the Greeks was precisely due to their transcendent individual greatness. It would be difficult to say whether the world could better have spared Greece or Rome. Both were building empires indispensable and imperishable.

By the year 480, the invading Persian hosts had been driven by the Greek States back into Asia. Then Athens had her peerless day under Pericles and her brief age of supremacy, to be quickly extinguished by the deadly conflict with envious Sparta—the Peloponnesian War—when Greek met Greek, and for thirty-seven years the peninsula was rent and torn, and finally, when Athens had surrendered, when her beauty had been defaced and trampled upon by scoffing Spartans, the glory of Greece had departed.

Her interior life was gone. In 338 the enfeebled disorganized States found a master. Out of rough untutored Macedon came Philip, and gathered the struggling incohesive mass into his own strong keeping. In vain did Demosthenes utter his impassioned philippics. In vain did he appeal to pride of race and patriotism. The patriotism and the vigor of the Senate had been sapped. Greece was helpless in the grasp of the Macedonian. Then came Philip's assassination, and a brief dream of escape when his son Alexander, a beardless youth of only twenty, succeeded him (336). But in two more years this boy, with the face and form of a god, had riveted the chains tighter than before, and was sweeping across into Asia to vanquish the Persians. This done, Tyre, then Gaza fell before him, and the invincible youth, after pausing in Egypt and founding his city, swept on, conquering and capturing from the Caspian to the Indies, planting Greek colonies and thickly strewing the seeds of Hellenic civilization by the way; and after only ten years, was sitting at Babylon, holding his court in Oriental splendor, receiving embassies and the homage due to a divinity.

Among these embassies it is said there was one from the Samnites praying for aid in driving back the Romans, that hitherto obscure people, who were absorbing the Italian peninsula, and becoming a menace to the old Greek cities by the sea. Had this invincible man lived to return, the course of history must have been changed. His insatiable ambition was already planning an extension of his empire westward. Italy and Sicily would have been swallowed up by the way, and Alexander not Rome would have performed the task of overthrowing the Carthaginian Empire. But this was not to be. In 232, Alexander succumbed to fever, and died at Babylon, the capital of a colossal empire which was destined to fall into pieces when his mighty hand was withdrawn.

The ancient Greek city of Tarentum, heretofore protected by the warlike Samnites, now saw herself on the borders of that new barbaric power with its home upon the Tiber. Helpless, luxurious, living upon the traditions of former greatness, the proud city soon came into collision with Rome. The Roman Senate was weary of war. But when their ambassador arrived in Tarentum to ne-

gotiate a peace, the gay young Tarentines, who were in the midst of a wild religious festival, received his bad Greek with shouts of derisive laughter. It was an ill-timed insult. War was declared, and Tarentum appealed to Pyrrhus, young king of Epirus, to undertake her defence. Full of the spirit of adventure, and with ambitious dreams of his own, Pyrrhus gladly responded, and for the first time the Roman legion met the Greek phalanx. Unused to the different mode of warfare, and demoralized by the elephants, the defeat of the Romans was inevitable. But Pyrrhus exclaimed, "One more such victory, and I am undone!" and again—"Had I such soldiers, the world would be mine!"

The Greek Cineas, whom he sent to treat with the Senate, returning, said: "To fight these people is like fighting the Hydra." Amazed at what he saw at Rome, he exclaimed, "Their city is a temple, and their Senate an assembly of kings!" So, after many costly and barren victories, this romantic, chivalrous young king, who so resembles Charles XII. of Sweden in character and in career, abandoned the Italian peninsula and his dream of playing Alexander in the West (278 B.C.).

Rome was being gradually drawn toward the vortex of the political whirlpool in the south, the centre of which vortex had always been Sicily. Partly Carthaginian and partly Greek, this island had been for centuries the storm centre; the brilliant city of Syracuse, many times laid low by its Carthaginian neighbor, Agrigentum, and many times rising again from its ashes more splendid than before.

It was in 264 B.C. that Rome passed the dividing line between obscurity and greatness, and entered the great arena by way of an insignificant door which opened to her in Sicily. No less heroic, or even less reputable cause was ever championed, or ever ushered in a train of events so tremendous. A marauding band of mercenaries from Campania, called Mammertines, had taken possession of the little town of Messina in Sicily, had murdered the males, and then appropriated their homes and wives and daughters. When the Syracusans attempted to dislodge this community of pirates, the Mammertines appealed to Rome for protection. The Senate was not in favor of espousing such a cause. It was a disreputable one, and would also be a challenge to either Greeks or Carthaginians.

But the Roman people had acquired an insatiate appetite for military conquests, and the protection asked for was voted by the popular assembly. Thus was commenced that series of wars which were to extend over a period of 118 years; and as the Phœnician language spoken by the Carthaginians was called by the Romans Punic, these are known as the Punic Wars.

Carthage, with her wealth and her power was a prodigious engine of cruelty. She ruled her colonies with excessive rigor, imposing tribute that it required all their industry to pay. The government was an oligarchy. A few aristocratic families descended from Tyrian kings held the power of the state, which was chiefly vested in a council of one hundred, elected by themselves for life. The military generals, selected not because of fitness, but on account of personal relations with the heads of the oligarchy, if unsuccessful, were beheaded or crucified by their aristocratic friends. As this latter was their favorite mode of punishment, it seems not improbable that crucifixion came into Rome by way of Carthage. With such a nation Rome had embarked upon a struggle which would survive four generations of men.

Herself a novice upon the sea, she had challenged the greatest maritime power then existing. It was an untried path, which only a strange indwelling consciousness of power could have ventured upon. There were many defeats. But there was somewhat in these Romans which made them rise stronger from defeat than their enemies from victory. Their fleet might be stranded on the African coast, its commander, Regulus, a prisoner. But the man who could bring back to his city offers of peace from his captors—advise that they be *not* accepted—and then return to certain death by torture, reveals a source of strength which cannot be measured. Whether true or legendary, this story explains the miracle of Rome's invincibility. When the first Punic War was finished Sicily was a Roman province; humiliating terms had been imposed upon Carthage. Hanno, her unfortunate general, had been crucified, and the great Hamilcar, with Spain as his military basis, was planning to recover Sicily, and Sardinia and Corsica which had also been ceded, his boy, Hannibal, in camp with him, in training for his own part in the struggle.

It was when this boy succeeded to the command in Spain that the conflict began to as-

sume its colossal dimensions. The ancient Greek city of Saguntum, which for centuries had looked out upon the sea, was in alliance with Rome. Her destruction was the first note of defiance. Hannibal then proceeded to realize his stupendous plan. The Romans had carried the war into Africa, now he would carry it into Italy. He would march through Gaul, across the Alps, there reinforced by the Cis-Alpine Gauls—those tireless tormentors of Rome—what matter if half his men perished by the way!—and on the plains of Italy he would be met by Hasdrubal his brother, with another great Carthaginian army, and Rome would be theirs. This gigantic plan, as great in execution as in conception, met its final climax at Cannæ (216). The Consul Fabius who, by long and skilfully evading a conflict, gave his name to that policy of delay, was replaced by the impetuous Varro, and the battle was fought—and lost. Forty thousand Romans were lying dead upon the field, and an easy path seemed open to Rome. Varro was not crucified, but commended by the undaunted Roman Senate for his faith in the Republic, while with lofty courage it levied boys, slaves, anyone who could carry arms, to fill up the

fresh legions. In this hour of Carthaginian ascendancy, while the fate of the Republic was trembling in the balance, the lifeless Greek States, like drift-wood, were swept into the swiftest current. Macedonia made alliance with Hannibal. This sealed the fate of Greece. The invading army of Hannibal was soon acting on the defensive. The great Scipio had driven the last Carthaginian out of Spain, and was in Africa. By the year 183 B.C. Hannibal was a fugitive and a suicide. In 171 the king of Macedonia was adorning a triumphal procession in the streets of Rome—and by the year 146 every Greek state had been subjugated. Carthage, as a city or even as a name, no longer existed, but was known as the Roman province of Africa.

CHAPTER IX.

ROME, the heart and centre of this great expansion, so wise in all that made for conquest and power and authority, failed to recognize that simple truth which great nations to-day are so slow to learn—that in order to be really sound, a nation *must be sound in all its parts* ; that for its common people to be in abject misery while a favored class is enjoying the fruits of its increased prosperity, is to bear the seeds of dissolution within itself. Every year the gulf had been growing wider between the two classes—no longer patrician and plebeian—but the aristocratic class and the people. As the thirst for wealth and political ascendancy grew in the one, the sense of injustice deepened in the other. Appius Claudius, he who built the Appian Way and who was consul during the war with Pyrrhus, cunningly strove to offset the majorities of the common people by bestowing the franchise upon the freed-

men, the children of emancipated slaves, who were the natural adherents of his order ; at the same time striving to win the support of the commons by bringing to the thirsty Aventine the first great aqueduct. But much as they needed water, the dwellers outside the sacred city limits (the *Ager Romanus*) needed land more ; and the entire disregard of the Licinian Law, restricting the amount of public domain to be used by one person, was engendering destructive forces which threatened more disaster to the Republic than had Carthaginians or Macedonians. The vast wealth which poured into Rome after the conquest of these nations passed into the hands of a few, and these few, by still further extending the franchise to strangers, also continued to keep in their own hands the administration of the affairs of the Republic. They alone were reaping the benefit from the enormous sacrifices borne alike by all for generations. Thousands of Roman citizens, men who were soldiers and patriots, had become beggars and vagrants, and the wise, even among the nobles, realized that the Republic was falling into an abyss from which they might be powerless to extricate it. A crisis was inevitable. It came in 133,

when the Tribune Tiberius Sempronius Gracchus attempted to re-enact the Licinian Law. In the riots which ensued, Gracchus, with many of his followers, was slain, and the work of reform was taken up by his younger brother, Caius Sempronius Gracchus. The destructive forces underlying the whole social condition had begun to escape, and a revolution had commenced which was to terminate only with the Republic, and with the advent of the great master—Julius Cæsar.

Rome had passed her splendid climacteric when in native simplicity and with phenomenal strength she burst the bonds of her barbaric chrysalis and declared herself mistress of the Mediterranean, and when by sheer force of ability and of character she compelled the ancient world to bow down before her, and to wear the yoke she herself had so skilfully forged. But when she became debauched with power and wealth, when avarice and greed had corrupted her heart, and when undigested foreign refinements and learning had corrupted her morals, the descent was swift. If ever she had need to be strong and wise it was when that torrent from the Orient and from Greece and from Africa was submerging the Roman nation. The nobility for

which the word Roman stands belongs to the period of her isolation. When the Roman Senate, the greatest representative body that ever existed, with unexampled wisdom and dignity was guiding the State and keeping sacred its honor, and when noble Romans vied with each other in sacrifices for the Republic. But a different quality was expressed by the name now, when a despicable aristocracy was revelling in coarse splendor and sensuous luxury, and famishing multitudes were willing to exchange their manhood and their votes for corn and gladiatorial shows; and when all alike were becoming brutalized by the passion for human combats, which popular sentiment demanded must be fought to the death. Still there were some who realized the degradation which had come upon the ancient city, and as Lucullus stands for the lavish splendor of this age, so Cato no doubt represents the sentiment of many in clinging to the austere simplicity of the Republic in its best days.

Imbedded in the mass of avarice and crime and cruelty and of unassimilated foreign elements, we find the Jugurthine War. Called to defend the people of Numidia from Jugurtha, a criminal usurper, the Roman lead-

ers, corrupted by bribes, were conniving at his crimes. No such disgrace had ever come upon Roman arms. Metellus, who did what he could to efface the stain, brought Jugurtha to Rome, where he perished, it is said, by starvation. But out of this Jugurthine infamy came Marius, the great leader of the popular party. Humble in origin, and with an ability which matched his ambition, he succeeded Metellus in the command of the army in the East; then, burning with hatred of the aristocratic party, he organized the revolutionary forces and led them against the party of oppression under Sulla in a civil war, a war in which rivers of blood flowed in vain, and in which the Republic virtually perished. When the victorious Sulla in 82 was proclaimed dictator for an indefinite period, the Republic was dead.

The machinery of government might go on from the old momentum and wars be fought, but the life of the organism was extinct; and the mass of heterogeneous elements was waiting to become the prey of the ablest among the men to be seen about the Forum. Would this be Pompey, the successful general who brought to a close the war with Mithridates, King of Pontus, and then distributed thrones

in Syria, as it already a king, wearing the while such a pleasant cloak of humility? It was a game in politics the most desperate the world ever saw, and the most tremendous in results; a game in which every player wore a mask, and with consummate art was seeking the thing he pretended not to want. The prizes wore the grand old names, consul, quæstor, prætor, censor, pontifex maximus; but these were only points of vantage by which to seize the real thing—the reins of power in the perishing Republic. Foremost in this group at the Forum are Pompey, Crassus, Cicero, Catiline, Clodius and Cæsar. Pompey was far in advance of the others, until Cicero, by unmasking and defeating Catiline's deep-laid conspiracy, proclaimed himself the saviour of his country. The plan of that young patrician profligate was to extricate himself from a load of debt by setting fire to the city of Rome, overthrowing the Constitution, and then, in the general confusion, seizing the reins of government. A large number of reckless young aristocrats were drawn by him into the plot, which was unmasked by Cicero. But if this made the great orator popular with the people, it had a contrary effect with a great part of the pa-

tricians, more or less involved in the infamy.

Yet the men engaged in the game for power did not know that they were playing with a master, a man supremely great in everything he undertook. Not more pure than they in his motives, not more scrupulous in his methods, Caius Julius Cæsar was yet the one man living who had the ability to lift Rome out of the abyss into which she had fallen.

Never was the golden thread of divine purpose more obvious than in placing this prodigy among men at that gateway between the past and the future ; behind him the ages of conflict with the powers of darkness, before him the kingdom of the Prince of Peace and of love and of light ! Since the founding of Rome the trend had been steadily toward this climax. Rome could not perish, for her work had only just commenced—a work for which the ages behind her had been merely a preparation ; this was, to gather up and to conserve the priceless riches of Greek culture and thought, and then to receive and to hold that other life-creating stream which was about to come into the world. Greek civilization and Christianity were the mind and soul of the coming race of man ; and these,

it was the appointed task of Rome to hold as in a reservoir, and then to open up channels for their distribution to the nations of the earth. Cæsar's was the mighty hand chosen to convert the perishing Roman Republic into a suitable instrument for this task, to gather up its latent energies stored in the days of the old republic, to consolidate and to reconstruct all of its inchoate elements into an empire. It would need force of an appalling nature to accomplish what this empire would have to do. In that pre-Christian world love was not an active force. The empire was to be cruel, pitiless, awe-inspiring, adamant and impregnable, for it must endure for four centuries, and would have need of all its vast riches and resources in order to accomplish its appointed task. But it would be done, and the five short years of Cæsar's sovereignty would contain the germs of a future Europe, and of the world's development as it exists to-day.

But at the time we have reached, Cæsar was only one of many aspirants for leadership. He was a patrician among patricians, for did he not belong to the great Julian gens, descended from gods and kings! But what he kept most prominently before the

people was his connection with the rough soldier Marius; their adored leader, whose nephew he was by marriage, but whose name must not be whispered now, in this age of aristocratic supremacy. So, by fearlessly, audaciously, associating himself with the popular cause, by skilfully ingratiating himself always with the people, he rose step by step until he was consul; the very first act being the passing of an agrarian law which bestowed vast tracts of public lands in Campania and other provinces, thus relieving the congested misery which was seven stories deep in the *insulæ* upon the Aventine. Then followed his amazing military successes until the final conquest of Gaul. Pompey saw his own victories in the east eclipsed by those of Cæsar in the west, and his long ascendancy slipping into the hands of his rival. There was only one thing to be done: that was to disarm him. Not long before this, Pompey and Cæsar and Crassus had formed a friendly alliance ("the first Triumvirate") to curb a growing oligarchy in the Senate. But in the swiftly changing scene, Pompey was now in high favor and in close alliance with this senatorial power, and at his instigation the order was given for Cæsar to disband his



From the painting by Gérôme.

Death of Caesar.

army ; Cato standing ready the moment he arrived in Rome to accuse him, and to bring about his impeachment. All was prepared for his downfall.

In the old time a tribune's veto would have arrested such a proceeding ; but when the tribune Mark Antony, friend and adherent of Cæsar, issued his veto, he had to flee from the wrath of the aristocratic party and take refuge in the camp of Cæsar ; and there the order from the Senate was received. This was the crucial moment. Should he obey, divest himself of all official authority, and "naked to his enemies," return to Rome a private citizen ? Or should he refuse to obey, cross the Rubicon with the Gallic legions he had taught to conquer or to die, and defy Pompey and his Senatorial legions, not yet created ? He took the chances on this desperate resolve ; crossed the Rubicon, pursued the Pompeian forces through Gaul and Spain, and into the East, until their final overthrow at Pharsalia in Greece, and the tragic death of Pompey, which ended the Civil War. Other triumphs quickly followed, a defeat of the Egyptian army at Alexandria, whither he had gone, at the solicitation of Cleopatra, to act as mediator in a dispute with her

brother Ptolemy. Another in Pontus, where the son of Mithridates was leading a revolt, and whence came the historic dispatch—" *Veni, Vidi, Vici*," and still another in Africa. All of Rome was now ready to prostrate itself at the feet of the conqueror; and the streets of that city had never beheld anything like the triumph awarded him. Gauls, Egyptians, Asiatics, Africans in chains, represented the list of his conquests; the most significant of all, that of Pompey, conspicuous in its absence! A frantic joy took possession of the whole people. The Senate, abject in flattery, named after him the month in which he was born—Julius—or July. They laid at his feet every power, every title, and dictatorship for life. He asked only to be consul; but while wearing this modest title he was in fact sovereign of a Roman Empire and of the world. The adulation of a god he received as if it were only his due, but as if it wearied him. Vast plans of reconstruction filled his mind; the Empire no longer to be ruled by a single city—Rome, its capital, not mistress. He was awakening dead patriotism, and opening channels by which it might give life and warmth to the remotest parts of the organism; reforming the calen-

dar; adapting the ancient code of laws to new conditions. A man of the future, he was standing amid the wreck of the traditions of the past, and the world will never cease to wonder what might have been the outcome, had a complete system, bearing the stamp of his genius, been allowed to mature. Fragmentary and incomplete as it was, it changed the whole direction of human events.

But a revulsion of feeling was setting in. This clemency to the people was suspicious, and this opening of the franchise to his Gauls, and the Senate to foreign people, seemed all a part of some gigantic plan of enslavement. To be adored by the people had always been reason enough for the destruction of a leader. A few jealous senators and a small number of men influenced, some by personal spite, and some by the madness which makes of tyrannicide a sacred duty, formed a plan for his assassination. Brutus, "Cæsar's angel," as Shakespeare calls him, was reminded that his great progenitor delivered them from the Tarquins, did not receive favors from them! Of all the blows which rained upon him that 15th of March, "when the great Cæsar fell" at the foot of Pompey's statue, it was that of Brutus which

pained him most ; for “ then his great heart broke,” and he covered his head with his mantle, and accepted his fate.

They had thought to kill him, but Cæsar dead was more powerful than Cæsar living. Another revulsion set in. His generosity, his magnanimity were recalled ; and when Mark Antony in his funeral oration, recited his gifts to the people, and showed the wounds inflicted by the “ envious Casca,” and by Cassius, it was received with a passion of grief ; and when he read Cæsar’s will, bequeathing rich provinces to his murderers, one to Cassius, another to Casca, and to Brutus Cis-Alpine Gaul and the guardianship of his nephew and heir, Octavius, then the people were wrought to such a state of fury that the assassins had to flee from the city.

CHAPTER X.

ROME was now without a master. Out of the chaos there came a Second Triumvirate, composed of Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, who divided the world between them ; Antony the East, Octavius the West, and Lepidus Africa. The enemy of one, was to be the enemy of all. So Cicero, who had been striving by his philippics to destroy Antony, was among the multitude of the proscribed, and was slain in his garden. Brutus and Cassius, pursued by Antony, perished at Philippi, and met their victim and their Judge.

But it was in Egypt that Antony had met his fate, when he became ensnared by that Circe of the Nile, Cleopatra. So infatuated did the once great tribune and general become, that he divorced his wife, the sister of Octavius ; and when the Senate learned that the great Triumvir was bestowing Roman territory upon the children of Cleopatra, he was

deprived of his powers, and Octavius sailed for the East with a fleet. The defeat at Actium (31 B.C.) made of Egypt a Roman province, and was quickly followed by the suicide of the disgraced Antony; and then by that of Cleopatra, who rather than endure the fate of adorning the triumph of Octavius at Rome, destroyed herself. The Senate bestowed upon Octavius the name Augustus—the Illustrious, and the month in which he had won Egypt was called after him—August. The other triumvir, Lepidus, was soon effaced, and Augustus Cæsar was undisputed master of the world.

Politics no longer offered a field for ambitious Romans, and their immense activities flowed into a new channel. Since the Macedonian conquests had flooded Rome with Greek scholars, Hellenic learning and ideals had become a passion. Sitting at the feet of their slaves, men like Cicero had become not alone learned, but deeply imbued with Greek culture, and there had commenced a splendid imitation of Athenian thought. Without the creative genius of their great models, a literature came into being which makes the Augustan Age second only to that of Pericles. In the pause be-

tween the old and the new, in the tranquil interval between the passing of the Roman Republic and the coming of that supreme factor, Christianity, are found the names Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Strabo, to be soon followed by Pliny, Seneca, Plutarch, and Juvenal. The name of Cæsar heads this illustrious group. Great in authorship as in all else, Cæsar's Commentaries place him among the fathers of Roman literature in the pre-Augustan age.

This golden age in literature was a time of gilded splendor in all things. There was luxury, sensuous, gross, and barbaric in excess; enough to have made the austere Cato clothe himself in sackcloth if he had not already committed suicide over the fall of Pompey and of the republic. But the expanding thought and the triumphs in literature had given a deeper meaning and a richer coloring to life; and the distempers which attend imperialism had not yet developed. Their Cæsar had not abused the opportunity created for him by the great Cæsar, and Rome, content and triumphant, was the blazing centre of the world.

At this moment, in the small Roman province of Judea, and in Bethlehem, the most

obscure town in Judea, there was born a child. There was no room for his mother at the inn, so the stable was his birthplace, and the manger his cradle. It would be thirty years before Rome would hear of this child Jesus, and then only as a harmless fanatic who had made himself offensive to the Jews. But in three centuries more, the waning Roman Empire would be trying to reinforce her strength and hide her decrepitude beneath his great mantle, and would acknowledge him King of Kings. And the glory of Rome would forever after be that it was the throne of his empire.

As the reign of Augustus was drawing to its close, and while he was weeping for his lost legions, lured by Hermann into the depths of the German forest and slain,—at this very time the boy Christ was in the temple at Jerusalem confounding the wisdom of the wise, while “his mother sought him sorrowing.”

The period between Augustus and Vespasian, which reached its climax in Nero, is one of unmitigated and revolting atrocities. Men hitherto gentle and human in their impulses seem, at the touch of the imperial throne, to have been converted into monsters. Tibe-

rius, the admirable soldier, who succeeded Augustus, quickly reached this transformation. In creating the Prætorian Guards, he converted the empire into a military despotism. This body of ten thousand men was an instrument for his own use, which at any moment might be employed against the people. The assemblies were abolished, their functions transferred to the Senate, which body was now reduced to a mere slavish instrument to wreak the personal vengeance of the emperor; its chief function being to try cases of high treason against his person. Spies and informers were lurking everywhere: death without trial inevitably following arrest. The furies seem to have been let loose in the land; a being of inconceivable cruelty on the throne, alternately resigning himself to debauchery, and to torturing fits of remorse; earthquakes, conflagrations, and disaster abroad;—it was in such a time of lurid horror that the Roman Governor Pilate, in the judgment hall at Jerusalem, was washing his hands of the responsibility he was about to assume, saying,—“I am innocent of the blood of this just person—see ye to it.” Is it strange that the earth trembled, and that there was terror and despair, and

that mercy and justice and hope seemed dead in the Roman Empire, while the Son of Man was being scourged and crucified !

Upon the death of Tiberius, the Prætorian Guards, the Senate, and the people united in calling Caligula, the excellent son of a noble sire, to the throne. His father was Germanicus, the great general. For nearly a year he inspired confidence and hope. Then, seized by a sudden illness, the transformation came ; and on his recovery, he too was a monster. The excesses of his cruelties and of his vices, and his hunger for adulation, offset by no ability, made him an object of contempt as well as horror ; and while insisting that he be worshipped as a god, he was cut down by his own Prætorian Guards ; to be followed by Claudius, not vicious, but a weakling. The demons passing him by, seem to have entered into his two wives ; first Messalina, whose atrocious profligacy is an explanation, if not a justification, of her execution by the order of Claudius her husband ; who then immediately married the more able and no less vicious Agrippina, by whom he himself was assassinated in order to secure the throne for her son Nero ; she to be in turn assassinated by this very

son, when he had come well under the spell of madness which inevitably attended such elevation !

Nero's reign was a climax, and it fittingly ushered in the persecution of that obscure Jewish sect—the Christians, whom Tacitus says had rendered themselves odious “by their hatred of the human race !” Rome was nearly destroyed by a conflagration. Nero was suspected of having kindled it, and in order to divert suspicion from himself, he charged it upon the Christians. Ingenious cruelties were devised for their death—it was an opportunity to amuse the people. They were covered with the skins of wild beasts and thrown into the arena, nailed to crosses, and at night were made human torches to illumine Nero's gardens. It was in the outburst of fury during this persecution that Peter and Paul are said to have perished in Rome. Like that of his predecessors, the death of Nero was a violent one and occurred in 68 A.D.

In viewing this horrible century after Julius Cæsar one asks why his agency in human affairs should be exalted. But his work had been wrenched from his hand, fragmentary and incomplete. Cæsar would

never have degraded the Roman Senate and extinguished the voice of the people; not because he was beneficent, but because he was wise, his genius instinct with the spirit of the future. But the empire, rigid and inexorable with the strength he had infused into it, had fallen into the hands of madmen, and was to remain a soulless engine of power and cruelty for four centuries.

With the reign of Vespasian better times came. The building of the Coliseum, and the fall of Jerusalem mark this period. Josephus, who was one of the Jewish captives taken in Galilee, has preserved for us the details of the great tragedy, when the city, besieged by Titus, son of Vespasian, finally fell; and when the people found their last refuge in the Temple, and perished with it (70 A.D.). It was during the succeeding reign of Titus that the eruption of Vesuvius occurred which destroyed the old Greek cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum (79 A.D.). Roman power had now extended over Britain and Agricola was building his wall across the isthmus between England and Scotland.

Trajan's was the most humane and enlightened reign which had yet come; a wise statesmanship striving to re-establish some of

the ancient freedom; and Trajan's Column, erected by a grateful senate and people, stands to-day as his memorial. The reign of Marcus Aurelius, "a sage upon a throne" (161-180 A.D.), closed this benign period; and was a climax of excellence and virtue, as Nero's had been one of wickedness. A love of learning and a passion for morality joined to a singularly devout nature, made of this man a shining exemplar of the Stoic philosophy which so powerfully influenced Roman thought and life. But although truly intent upon the happiness and well-being of all created things, the illustrious pagan did not rebuke the frightful Christian persecutions, which after long cessation broke out afresh in his empire.

CHAPTER XI.

It is impossible to understand the mental attitude of educated Romans during this period without understanding Stoicism, that Greek exotic which so profoundly penetrated Roman life and institutions. The ancient mythology had long ago become assimilated with that of Greece. But while their gods were the same, the religion had for the Romans an essentially different character. It was for them a compact of mutual obligations between gods and men. In return for certain rites and observances, these beings, greater than themselves, were to bestow benefits here, and an immunity from suffering hereafter. It was a cool, passionless contract, equally binding upon both. Its once powerful hold had gradually weakened, and with the influx of Greek thought and the consequent awakening of Roman intelligence, augurs and auspices had become of small account, and the whole sacer-

dotal system an empty shell. But a reliance upon something outside of, and greater than ourselves, is a necessity for the human soul; and the Roman mind began to search among the things new and strange which had poured into Rome—the magic, the astrology, the Greek philosophies, the Egyptian and Oriental mysteries—for something to satisfy this hunger. In Stoicism they found a philosophy precisely suited to the native Roman character. It was noble and it was heroic. It was hard, unloving, but it was courageous and true. It justified the Roman to himself, and made of his moral deficiencies the loftiest virtue. They had never known mercy, nor pity, nor any tender emotion; so a philosophy which made the absence of these weaknesses its main tenet was congenial. Stoicism was a rigid ethical system under the guidance of human reason. It was an austere, uncompromising pursuit of virtue without hope of reward, here or hereafter. And this virtue must proceed from the will, not the emotions. Clemency was a virtue, but pity a weakness. Death, sickness, loss, were not evils, only opportunity for more virtue in despising their efforts to torment you. *Anaxagoras*

on being told of the death of his son simply said : "I never supposed I had begotten an immortal." The fountain of benevolence, of tears for others' woes, would inevitably be dried by such a system. It was a moral monstrosity ; but it had within it a regenerating principle, and a profound basic truth. Virtue in Rome, where all existed for the state, meant political virtue ; and this meant an awakening of character, and the enormous power attained by Stoicism in that period of deepest corruption, from Cato to Marcus Aurelius, was a natural effort toward the rehabilitation of character ; and is a proof of the inherent tendency toward moral health, still existing in the nation. It is the strangest of anomalies to see this stream of austere virtue threading its way through the mass of loathsome licentiousness, gathering up volume and strength and entering into the structure of Roman Institutions. It is found to-day imbedded in Roman jurisprudence. The principle underlying Stoic philosophy, and which was its life, was that of the universal brotherhood of humanity, a unity by virtue of a law of nature, knitting men into one body ; and added to this a recognition of the inherent dignity of man, which

circumstances could not impair or touch. These lay at the very basis of the question of human rights and of equity ; and Roman law ; as formulated by its great expounders in those days, in its language and in its spirit, bears the unmistakable impress of Stoicism.

But while profoundly true in its basic principles Stoicism was an unnatural, passionless system to live by. It was a deliberate attempt to eliminate the divine and the spontaneous, to dry up the springs of hope and love and pity and of joy. It is remembered only as one of the diseased phases of the human soul on its way toward peace ; and it is a significant fact that Greece fed upon the dry husks of Stoicism in the days of her intellectual decline, and Rome in the period of her moral decay. It was a rugged staff which both used as a support in times of desperate need and indigence, and then threw away.

Understanding his philosophy, we can also understand why the gentle and devout Marcus Aurelius was not moved by the torturing of Christians at Lyons, and are not surprised that poets and writers who constantly lauded virtue and decried vice, found their recrea-

tion in witnessing the horrible sufferings in the arena. Nor does it appear so inconceivable that in the reign of the excellent Titus, three thousand gladiators perished for the entertainment of Rome, and in that of the good and beneficent Trajan—ten thousand!

Epicureanism, which made pleasure, not virtue, its end, never attained such an influence. It was moving with the popular stream, so had not the power which attends a reaction. But both Greek Platonism and oriental mysticism strongly appealed to many minds. Platonism, which was monotheistic, included a belief in a system of spiritual dæmons or divinities which were the agents of the divine will. It was this belief which linked it with oriental mysticism, which claimed that there was a divine indwelling which was the all-good, and which could be invited into the soul by austerities and meditation, inducing a state of spiritual exaltation. So these two blended into a Neo-Platonism which was destined to supersede Stoicism. Stoicism and Neo-Platonism were as wide apart as Ptolemaic and Copernican astronomy. Stoicism made man the active centre, Neo-Platonism made him the passive recipient from the divine centre.

Stoicism made human reason the sole guide, Neo-Platonism discarded the teachings of reason, and listened for the voice of the divine indwelling; silence and meditation its teachers. It was the same ancient wisdom as that now taught by men from the East, who doubtless walked the streets of Rome, olive-skinned, turbanned, serene in their orientalism, just as they do here to-day, expounding the philosophy of existence which was old before Rome or Æneas or Troy existed.

Far down beneath this ferment of thought, and this turbid mingling of Roman depravity and eastern subtleties, there were flowing unseen rivulets of truth, the simplest ever presented to man; truths uttered in Galilee by Him who was scourged and crucified at Jerusalem. As Greek and Asiatic slaves had brought their system and taught them to their masters, so Judæan slaves, especially since the fall of Jerusalem, had brought the story of the life and death of their Christ, for whom so many had already suffered and died during the early days of the empire. Founded upon miraculous stories concerning a Nazarene carpenter, stories unsupported by evidence, is it strange that the

learned heard nothing of this "still small voice," and heeded not if they heard? They were listening for the whirlwind. But the gentle teachings of the new religion, its pure and noble system of ethics—the compassion and love it offered from One who was Himself "a Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief" and "touched with a feeling for our infirmities,"—all this sank deep into sin-sick hearts. The simplicity of the message, and the peace it brought was winning disciples—disciples who would spread the glad tidings, and in their rapture court death and beg the privilege of martyrdom. This religion contained all that was best in Stoicism and in Neo-Platonism, but with an animating principle of spiritual life absent in both. Roman literature said not a word of it. But while the learned were contemptuous and incredulous it was creeping into households and hearts and silently winning disciples throughout the empire. Stoicism itself had been unconsciously modified by it, and was in fact expiring when Marcus Aurelius was writing his profoundly religious "Meditations." This philosopher had need of all his stoicism in his unhappy domestic relations, with his perverse and dissolute wife Faustina instigat-

ing rebellion in the east, and striving to win the love of Spartacus the gladiator, who was the idol of the hour in Rome ; while his son and heir Commodus had no higher ambition than himself to enter the arena, after the fashion of many patrician youths of the period.

CHAPTER XII.

The reign of Commodus is recognized as the beginning of the political decline of the empire. The loathsome vice and brutality of this son of the great moralist could not be written ; and when he was strangled by one of his discarded favorites there was rejoicing in Rome. Of the twenty-five emperors who succeeded him ten were slain by their soldiers. It was the Prætorian Guards, after Commodus, who appointed the wearers of the Imperial purple, and if they might make emperors, they believed they might also unmake them, by slaying them, and when they commenced the practice of giving the throne to the highest bidder, political degradation could go no farther. The reign of Septimius Severus, which was a period of wholesome military despotism, is a relief. The wall he built in Britain still stands as his memorial. He died at York while engaged in this work, and there soon followed the reign of his son,

Caracalla, of hideous memory (211–217 A.D.), whose first act was by one stroke of the pen to proscribe twenty thousand victims, because they wept for his brother and rival, Geta, over whose dead body he had climbed to the throne. We will not pause over the malignant cruelty of this being, who might have instructed Nero in the art; nor over Heliogabalus his successor (218–222 A.D.), of whom it was said, he could feel no appetite for his dinner, unless witnessing the shedding of human blood.

Under Decius (250–268 A.D.) the Christian persecutions were recommenced with greater severity than ever before. The early Christians had found an asylum in the catacombs of Rome; now again those vast subterranean corridors lined with tombs became the refuge and the abode of thousands of the hunted sect, traces of whom may still be found in the small mortuary chapels where they worshipped and sang their triumphant song — “Though He slay me, yet will I praise Him!”

While this was happening the Goths were invading the empire on its northern frontier, Persia hostile in the east, and also many small centres of rebellion in Asia were claiming in-

dependence. At Palmyra the learned and fascinating Zenobia, after the death of her husband, had reigned with great ability and splendor, assuming to be not alone Queen of Palmyra and Syria, but of the eastern division of the Roman Empire. It was under Aurelian (270-275 A.D.) that Palmyra fell after a long siege, and the fleeing queen was captured and carried to Rome, where she adorned the magnificent triumph. Fettered with gold chains, the proud captive walked before the triumphal car of her captor, who then gallantly bestowed upon her a splendid villa at Tivoli, where she dwelt in sumptuous retirement.

Rome no longer had the abounding vigor of her prime, when with her right hand she grasped Gaul, Spain, Africa, and Britain; and with her left gathered in all the fruits of Alexander's triumphs. Since the Goths had begun to press down upon her like a torrent; since she was defending, not extending her borders, she began to find that her life-current was not swift and strong enough to keep her distant provinces in subjection. Zenobia was not the only rebel against her authority. And if the Prætorian Guards in the West might create emperors, the legions

in the East thought they also might do so. Anarchy and threatened dissolution led to an extraordinary measure, the decentralization of authority. Diocletian, for administrative purposes, divided the empire into four parts (284), three other cities sharing the authority with Rome. Although this was only temporary, it presaged the end. The principle of unity was the life of Rome, and when that was impaired or abandoned, as it was soon to be, the empire might by ingenious devices be reinforced, and its existence prolonged, but the life of the organism was departing; its gigantic framework was beginning to weaken and to yield.

The Emperor having restored the integrity of the empire in the East, determined to complete his work by a less difficult task at home—the extirpation of that mischievous Christian sect which was spreading with astonishing rapidity. A systematic persecution was commenced. The one under Decius had been cruel, but it did not approach in severity this final effort to exterminate the new religion. But it was in vain. Pano-plied in their sustaining faith, the ranks of the slain were immediately filled with men, women, and even children, who courted mar-

tyrdom as the open door to heaven ; and when Diocletian became ill, and then abdicated, the attempt was abandoned.

Constantine succeeded him, first as joint ruler in the East with Licinius ; but by the year 314 he was sole master of the empire. It is not probable that it was the caprice of a single man which converted the pagan empire into a Christian one. Here, in this strange faith, there existed a tremendous constructive force, an embodiment of unity, and of the associative principle. These had been the secret of the strength of Rome ; and she was dissolving because she had lost them. There was a power in this Christianity which bound men together, not as by bands of steel, but as if by an irresistible, self-recruiting force of nature.

They could not destroy it, and so men wise in statesmanship doubtless saw the political expediency of adopting it. Whether Constantine had really learned to rely upon the God of the Christians, and whether he really saw a luminous cross in the heavens, who can tell ? We only know that early in his reign the religion of the despised Nazarene was accepted by him, and the great Roman Empire became the standard-bearer of the Cross.

And when Constantine removed the seat of his empire to Byzantium, the newly christened city of Constantinople was the capital of a Christianized Roman Empire.

The Roman nation, with its cravings unsatisfied by Greek and Oriental philosophies, and sick and weary with a sense of moral degradation, embraced the new faith with rapture. Steeped to the lips in iniquity, they still might be cleansed ! By the waters of baptism, though their sins were as scarlet, they might be made white as snow. A great wave of reaction carried men into asceticism, some fleeing to the deserts, there to find regeneration by austerities ; and so in time monasticism was born.

The Apostolic Church had first been organized into communities under the rule of elders. In the second century, as it grew in numbers and in extent, there were created bishops, with a supervising care and an authority superior to that of the elders. From this nucleus started the organization of the Church of Rome. There were now bishops of Rome, and of Antioch, and of Alexandria. But as Peter when he perished at Rome was the head of the Apostolic Church, so the bishops of Rome were his successors, and

had a precedence over the others. In this way, the hierarchy grew into form, and upon this historic relation to Peter, the founder of the Church, was based the claim of headship, which finally sundered the Greek and Roman churches.

A triumphant Christianity had entered through two doors. One was the heart of the people, the other a political door. To the great, the powerful, those who were going to control its destinies, the Christian faith meant a new source of strength for the empire. It was a coat of mail for its defence, and a weapon with which to smite its enemies. Emperors and their subordinates, fed and nourished on cruelty, were going to use the same ferocity in maintaining it that they had once used for its destruction. When historians express wonder that the gentle and persecuted Christians were so soon transformed into persecutors, they seem to forget that the faith of Christ was wrenched from the hands of His lowly followers and converted into an engine to be used for political ends. And one of the greatest miracles attending the history of Christianity is that so much of its purity and sanctity has survived this process of degra-

dation. But however corrupt, however cruel, however perverted from its original simplicity in belief and form, there were always flowing, deep below the surface, uncontaminated streams of religious fervor; men and women with a faith as pure and as exalted as that of the first Disciples; for which they were ready, like them, to die. This miracle of divine persistence never failed, and through ages of corruption has safely brought the living waters which nourish Christendom to-day.

A time of unprecedented overturnings was at hand. The Huns had appeared in Europe (375 A.D.), and, like wolves, were driving before them even the Goths, who poured down upon the Italian frontiers. It became evident that the western division of the empire, including Italy, Gaul, Spain, Africa, and Britain, could no longer be afforded protection by Constantinople. In 395 A.D. the dismemberment took place. There was an Eastern Empire and a Western Empire. The Eastern or Byzantine Empire, with comparative internal and external tranquillity, was going to stand in shining petrification for nearly a thousand years. But the Western Empire was crumbling—decay within and

foes without. The Moors were threatening Africa. The Picts and Scots called for a strong hand in Britain, and most terrible of all, the Visigoths under Alaric were boldly invading northern Italy; besieging Milan, attacking Florence, then plundering, destroying, burning, as they made their way to the Eternal City. Never but once—600 years before—had foreign feet profaned the streets of Rome. Slaves within the city opened a gate to their kinsmen encamped without; and at midnight the awful moment arrived when, with a wild shout, the Goths were in Rome. The horrors of the sacking and the burning need not be dwelt upon.

The scattering of patrician families consequent upon this pillage and devastation, forever dispersed the traditional elements which made Rome so sacred. All of Italy was subject to the Visigoths, who were also in Gaul and in Spain. The Angles and the Saxons were in Britain, and the Vandals in Africa. Rome, herself almost submerged, saw the dark waters of this northern deluge flowing over the entire empire in the West.

The death of Alaric in 410, and the advent of Ataulf, his brother and successor, as head of the Visigoths, temporarily stayed the

course of events. Ataulf loved and had carried away Placidia, sister of the recent Emperor Honorius. He was an admirer of Roman civilization, and approved of preserving it as a foundation for a Gothic structure, rather than destroying it. So he restored the empire in name, and withdrew with his Roman bride, Placidia, to Spain, there to found a Visigoth Empire. So for some decades longer emperors bearing the name, but with no actual power, flit like ghosts across the page of history, the barbarians deciding who should and who should not wear the imperial purple.

Rome was not defiled by the feet of Attila and his Huns, although they fiercely ravaged Italy. But the Vandals visited it with fire and with sword and insult. Genseric, following the lines of the old Carthaginian Empire, was creating a huge Vandal Empire, and was master of the Mediterranean—that prize for which ancient nations had once so fiercely struggled. He, with his Vandals and his Moors, visited Rome with destruction and degrading insult (455 A.D.), and after fourteen devastating days, they carried all the portable treasure to Carthage, leaving only what was rooted to the ground. This final

humiliation extinguished the flickering spark of life in the expiring empire, and in 495 A.D. the Roman Senate performed its last act. It transferred the supreme authority to Odoacer, chief of a German tribe, and a Goth was King of Rome and Sovereign of Italy.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ITALY.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ITALY.

CHAPTER I.

THE time had passed when "Rome was the whole world, and all the world was Rome." That crater through which had poured the volcanic energies of the mighty empire was awfully still. But those energies were sleeping, not dead. The instinct for power, the old thirst for mastery, the same genius for organization, were finding a new pathway, and were preparing to convert the forlorn, dismantled city into the throne of a universal empire.

The least spiritual of nations was creating a spiritual kingdom, into which it would inject its own dominating strength. By controlling the sources of action, it might be master of men and of events. By holding the consciences and hearts of humanity in one hand, and the keys to heaven and hell in

the other, a power might be wielded deep as human consciousness, and wide as the earth itself. There existed no such plan in the minds of the devout early bishops of Rome. But such was the instinctive process at work, as surely and as irresistibly as a mighty river if obstructed will find a new way to the sea. When before trembling souls were held up the horrors of eternal punishment, which might be remitted, and the tortures of purgatory shortened by gifts to the Church, money poured in great streams into the treasury. Dying sinners, even if half pagan, would leave their all, for the chance of purchasing forgiveness. This meant wealth and power never before possessed by a single organization. Ecclesiasticism was the road to success, and to be Bishop of Rome the richest prize offered to ambition, men still pagans at heart entering the lists to obtain it. The bishop, the custodian of this wealth, which he lavishly dispensed in charity and in deeds of mercy, was to the common people the adored father, or, as he began to be called, *Papa* (from the Greek), the word assuming in English the form "Pope."

The Greek and Oriental spirit which had come to pervade the Eastern Empire was

making of Eastern Christianity something quite different from that of the West. There were different ideas of church government, and finally a different understanding of the dogmas of the Church concerning the nature of the Trinity. The assumption of headship by the Bishop of Rome, by virtue of an apostolic succession, was indignantly repudiated, and when the Pope asserted his authority by virtue of this headship to decide what were the dogmas of the faith, the Eastern Christians resolved upon a separation; and the Church of Christ on earth fell apart into two bodies—the Greek Church, with its seat at Constantinople, and the Roman, to be enthroned at Rome.

It was a period of transition and of preparation. The rough foundations of future Europe were being laid. A Visigoth kingdom, established by Ataulf, held in subjection Romanized Spain. The Angles and Saxons had divided the Roman province of Britain between themselves and created a heptarchy which was to become a monarchy; Clovis, newly Christianized, had fastened a Frankish kingdom upon the Romanized and still pagan Gauls, and crowded the Visigoths over the Pyrenees. In Central Europe was

a surging mass of Germanic tribes, never at rest, but with a general movement always toward the South, where their kinsmen, the Goths and Vandals, had already found homes of bewildering luxury ready for their use, and were fast acquiring the arts of civilization. In the region beyond, in the East, was another tumultuous mass of tribes, of which nothing was known yet—Slavonic, Finnish, Bulgarian, and strange Asiatic barbarians—all beginning to be drawn like moths toward the blazing illumination at Constantinople, the centre of that Byzantine Empire about which would revolve the ambitions and aspirations of what was to become Russia.

Although sundered in its spiritual life from the Empire of the West, Constantinople still claimed a shadowy political unity, and asserted an unsubstantial authority over the destinies of Rome and of Italy, which was for two centuries represented by an exarch at Ravenna, this exarchate being the nominal centre of Byzantine authority in the West.

But the Goths, barbarians though they were, did not learn of Christianity from Rome. More than a century before the fall of the

empire they had received it in its primitive simplicity from Ulfilas, the Christian boy from Syria whom they had captured, and who created a Gothic alphabet and then translated his Bible into their tongue, explaining its truths in his own artless fashion, as they had been taught in his native land by Arius. The Roman Church had accepted, at the Council of Nice (327), the truth as expounded by Athanasius, making the Trinity the most sacred of its dogmas. So the Christianity of the Goths, which rejected the idea of the Trinity, was by Roman standards a very abominable heresy, and rivers of blood were to flow in Italy and in Spain before it was washed out by a triumphant trinitarianism.

The Gothic nation, like the Roman Empire, had separated into a Western and an Eastern division. And while the Visigoths had long since overrun Italy, Gaul, and Spain, the home of the Ostrogoths was still far north of the Danube. On the day of a great victory over the Huns, a son had been born to the King of the Ostrogoths. So the child of this good omen was called Theodoric—gift of God. When Odoacer became King of Italy, Theodoric was twenty-one years old. Seven

hundred miles stretched between him and the throne of Italy, but he determined to possess it. By the year 492 he had wrenched the prize from Odoacer. He had not mistaken his strength nor his ability. Theodoric's is one of the few names to which by common consent has been attached the word "Great." When we compare this wise, enlightened, and humane reign with that of some of the human tigers who had worn the name of Cæsar, we conclude that the barbarians brought something more than rugged strength into the expiring civilization. They brought some human elements which had been fatally lacking in the Romans. Terrible in wrath and in vengeance, the Goths had capacity for gentle emotions. Cruelty was their weapon, not their pastime. They did not with epicurean pleasure taste human blood with their wine. If Theodoric ordered the execution of his friend Boethius, the learned scholar, musician, and mathematician, it was because he believed he was trying to undermine the Arian faith, the religion of his people; but the remorse which overtook the barbarian king was the cause of his death (526 A.D.). The wife of this remarkable man was a sister of Clovis, and the magnifi-

cent monument erected by his daughter over his sarcophagus still remains at Ravenna.

With the strong hand of the king removed, Justinian, Emperor of the East, saw his opportunity to reconquer Italy. He sent his army under Belisarius, and first captured Sicily. A few soldiers crawling through an abandoned aqueduct entered the city of Naples, and then opened the gates to the besieging army. Rome quickly surrendered, and the keys of the city were sent as a trophy to Constantinople (537). The Goths then in turn besieged Rome, and then it was that Hadrian's tomb, now the castle of St. Angelo, was first used as a fortress, and priceless statues (four thousand it is said), the work of famous Greek sculptors, were hurled from the walls, and fell crashing down upon the heads of the besieging Goths, so terrifying them that they fled.

When Justinian died, in 565, Italy was practically recovered. But the rule was oppressive, and some even desired a return of the Goths.

The Lombards were a fierce Germanic tribe originally from Northern Prussia, which had been, like all the others, gravitating toward Italy, watching an opportunity

to slip inside that tempting garden through some open door. In the present conditions they saw their opportunity. Their descent into Northern Italy is still kept in remembrance by the name Lombardy, that beautiful region lying between the Alps and the Apennines. It was another instance of rugged untamed power coming out of the North to subdue the South. The terrified people fled before them, and by the end of the century these last barbarians had divided the peninsula with the Greek Empire.

During the following century (the seventh) there were three centres of power in Italy—the Eastern Empire, which held Southern Italy and the eastern coast; the Lombards, who were supreme in Northern Italy to the borders of Venetia; and the Pope. Among these three, it was the power of the Pope which was ascending. It knew no geographical, no political limits. It was as powerful in the Frankish kingdom and in Christianized Britain as at Rome. From the king on the throne to the humblest of the people, wherever there were true children of the Church, wherever there were stricken consciences or aching hearts, there were his subjects. The presence of Arianism was

the greatest difficulty in the path, and the Church had been greatly strengthened by the conversion of Theodolinda, the wife of the King of the Lombards, to the true faith, and the consequent rejection of the Arian heresy by the Lombards. The famous "Iron Crown of Lombardy," now preserved near Milan, was a gift to the Lombard Queen from Gregory the Great in recognition of this service.

Precisely at this time there came into the world one of the greatest factors in shaping human events. Since Rome had raised the cross as a symbol of empire, the world had discovered the enormous power which might be wielded by holding the spiritual consciousness of man. The sincere purpose of Mahomet to replace a corrupt polytheism with a simple belief in one God, of whom he was the prophet, was seized upon by the wise and crafty Saracens. With the Koran in one hand, the sword in the other, and the crescent as their emblem, they determined to proselyte the world. They conquered Persia, Syria, and Egypt, and then swept along the African coast, effacing the Vandal Empire, not pausing until they reached the ocean. Their purpose of universal dominion was as much greater than Alexander's

as the world was greater than the one in his time. The Church of Christ, which was the object of Saracen hatred, had two heads, and their plan included the destruction of both. They would enter Europe by the way of Spain, then cross the Pyrenees into France. Another Saracen host, after conquering Constantinople, would flow westward; and when the two streams met at Rome, the world would be theirs.

In 709 the movement began. The Visigoth Kingdom in Spain, now three centuries old, was swept out of existence, and a Moorish occupation of the Spanish peninsula began, which was to last seven hundred years. But at the Pyrenees the Saracens, or Moors as they are now called, were met by a Frankish army led by Charles Martel, which drove them back with such fury that there was never another attempt made to cross that barrier. Six hundred years were to elapse before the crescent would wave over Constantinople. But in all those years the shadow of the coming disaster would rest upon the Eastern Empire, which would be gradually weakened and exhausted by conflicts with her future destroyer.

CHAPTER II.

NEAR the end of the eighth century the King of the Lombards captured Ravenna, and in annexing the territory which was the nominal seat of the imperial government, put an end to the exarchate which had existed for two centuries. Alboin's ambition was now fired to achieve a greater triumph, *i.e.*, a complete ascendancy in the peninsula. This attempt, in itself so fruitless, changed the whole course of European history. The Merovingian kings were faithful sons of the Church, so the Pope appealed to the Franks to protect him from the Lombard encroachments, and Pepin, the son of Charles Martel, came twice across the Alps with an army, checked the ambition of the Lombards by a conquest which made him virtual sovereign, then, upon leaving, cast an imperial gift into the lap of the Church—five cities and a vast extent of territory. This, known as the “Donation of Pepin,” was the beginning of the

temporal kingdom of the popes in Italy. Pepin, *Maire du Palais* of the last Merovingian king, resolved, since he held the kingly power, also to assume the kingly crown. Pope Zacharias, in gratitude for his gift to the Church, sanctioned the audacious act, and sent his representative to place the symbol of power upon the head of his faithful son.

When Pope Adrian I. again needed protection from the Lombards, a greater than Pepin wore the crown he had snatched from the Merovingian. His son Charlemagne was King of the Franks. The tie uniting the Eastern Empire and the Western was worn to a frail thread ; with hostile religions, and characters which had grown utterly divergent, the union was a mockery. The wretched Irene, who put out the eyes of her own son in order that she might reign, was disgracing the throne. Charlemagne's services to the Church were unequalled. A man who could compel a whole army of pagan Saxons to be baptized in an afternoon, and Christianize a nation in a campaign, was the sort of ally the Pope needed. So when Pope Adrian I. asked for protection, Charlemagne, with fully matured plans, came himself, and with the consent and acquiescence of the Pope, he took

formal possession of Italy, and the centre of power returned from the East to the West.

On Christmas Day in the year 800, Charlemagne knelt before the high altar at St. Peter's in Rome, while Leo III. placed upon his head the crown which made him "By the Grace of God, Emperor of the Romans and of the Holy Roman Empire." By these words the present was deftly linked to the past, and Charlemagne had become the successor of Augustus and of Constantine. The line of Cæsar which had been prolonged in the East would be continued through Charlemagne's successors in the West. The Roman Church, instead of being politically joined to its enemy, was in natural alliance with its most ardent and powerful defender. In the compact formed between the Emperor and the Pope there was a mutual dependence. The election of the Pope required the sanction of the Emperor. Nor was the King of the Franks emperor until crowned by the Pope. In this friendly clause there lurked material for many troubled centuries, and the writing of many histories! The wonder is that a statesman as astute as Charlemagne did not, as a condition, then and there fix the question of supremacy. But he did **not**

realize the extraordinary nature of the power with which he was in alliance, any more than did the Pope suspect the turn of events which would make him the vassal of German emperors. Upon the death of Charlemagne, his empire was divided among his sons into three parts. Louis took the Eastern and German Franks, Charles the Western and Latinized Franks, and to Lothar was assigned the imperial title together with Italy, and a long narrow strip of territory extending to the North Sea. Instead of being in natural and close alliance with Latinized France, Italy found herself irrevocably tied to the Germans, a Teutonic people with which she had nothing in common.

The great states of modern Europe had now all come into being. Italy, France, Spain, from their infancy nourished by currents from the ancient world, were the children and the heirs of Latin civilization. England, Germany, Russia, all born in this pregnant century, were in no way linked with the past. They were children of new and obscure parentage. Of the Roman occupation in Britain there remained not a trace after the coming of the Angles and Saxons. Germany, the one state where Roman power

could not get a foothold, had not an ancestral root extending beyond her native soil ; while Russia, the strangest ethnic product of all, the Slav blended with utterly unknown Asiatic fragments, was going to sit at the feet of the expiring Byzantine Empire and learn its first lesson in civilization. It was at the very time Charlemagne was being crowned at Rome, in the year 800, that the heptarchy in Britain was consolidated and King Alfred reigned over *England*. The treaty of Verdun in 840 created *Germany* ; and in 862 a few Slavonic tribes were brought into political union by the Scandinavian Rurik, who reigned as "Grand Prince" at Kieff, over what was to become Muscovite *Russia*.

By the eleventh century feudalism had organized new social conditions in all of these states (except Russia). Great nobles in Germany dwelt in castles which were also their strongholds in the private wars which prevailed. The narrow strip of territory extending to the North Sea had widened and grown into a powerful and compact kingdom ; while Italy was the prey of anarchy and disorders, led by aristocratic factions in league with a Church growing every year

more corrupt. Needing the political tie binding her to Germany, she none the less hated it. On the other hand, the authority of the popes, although sometimes appealed to in disputes concerning the succession, was detested by the Germans, and the necessity of going to Rome for the imperial crown was so exasperating that some preferred to dispense with it. A deep antagonism was developing between emperors and popes. The Church had become unspeakably corrupt. For a long period the character of nearly every occupant of the papal chair had been stained with vice too gross to be described, and the name "Holy Father" had become a mockery.

The very enormity of the condition produced a reaction. A party of reform came into existence in Italy, led by the fiery monk Hildebrand. An ascetic, with exalted ideas of the sanctity and the authority of the papal office, he made two things his determined aim: the purification of the Church, and divesting the Emperor of the power of investiture or the bestowal of the papal dignity—a privilege not often exercised, but prized for its potential usefulness.

When Hildebrand became Pope Gregory

VII., a still larger purpose developed. He it was who first made the monstrous claim that not alone German emperors, but all sovereigns, were subject to the Pope, and bound by his decisions. Christ was the King of Kings; and so, as his vicegerent, the Pope's authority was absolute in Christendom, and from it there was no appeal.

Henry IV., Emperor of Germany, in some dispute had asked Pope Gregory's interposition. In reply, the Pope imperiously commanded the Emperor's immediate presence at Rome to answer charges against himself. The long-impending crisis had come. The point Charlemagne had failed to determine, whether Pope or Emperor was the greater, Hildebrand was going to decide for all time.

Henry not only indignantly refused to obey, but deposed the Pope. Whereupon the Pope excommunicated Henry.

One can scarcely realize now what this meant at that time. Excommunication was a word before which the strongest quailed. It was not only eternal torture hereafter, but a living death here. The excommunicated was cut off from human association; people approached him at their peril; the clothes he wore, the dishes from which he

ate, were polluted. He was a moral leper. Henry's subjects threatened to elect a new emperor unless he made his peace at once with the offended Church. So, as has been often told, the royal penitent started in mid-winter upon his famous pilgrimage to Canossa, in coarsest garb, bare-headed, barefooted, standing for three days outside the castle walls waiting for forgiveness and absolution (1073 A.D.).

Such was the power of the Church when in 1095 the kingdoms of Europe enrolled themselves under its banners to recover the Holy Sepulchre from the Saracens. The principle of unity of which ancient Rome was the monstrous embodiment had passed into the spiritual empire which was its successor. How could there be political growth in Italy with a man arrogating to himself divine powers enthroned in the very heart of the peninsula, before whose authority kings and armies trembled? What political organization could stand with a papal kingdom as its centre? There might be kingdoms and principalities and small centres of power outside of it—if not too ambitious and outreaching. And that is just what there were going to be for many centuries

At this period the restless people who had for a century occupied the province of Normandy in France under promise of good behavior, were looking about for new fields of adventure. While William, Duke of Normandy, was eagerly watching the turn of affairs just across the channel in England, his knights were roaming the Mediterranean shores, offering their services sometimes to the Greek Empire in fighting the Saracens, sometimes to Southern Italy in repelling the Greek Empire. A certain Tancred d' Hauteville had ten of these adventurous sons, who had in this way become practically masters of Magna Græcia, all the fruits of their knightly adventures finally coming into the hands of one son, Robert, known as Robert Guiscard (or the crafty), who, as head of a great dukedom embracing all of Southern Italy, now became a power to be reckoned with. When his younger brother, Roger, wrested Sicily from the Saracens (1702 A.D.), the fair island was reunited with Italy, forming one kingdom with Naples, over which a later Roger Guiscard was crowned by the Pope, King of Naples, or, as it was thereafter known, "the kingdom of the two Sicilies." While the host of Norman

knights were following William into England, a smaller host were streaming southward, bringing the same brilliant receptiveness and masterful energy into Italy, where they were going to survive as in France, and in England, and in Russia, not as a race, but as an element.

So in the twelfth century, with the Norman Kingdom in the south, and the Lombard Kingdom in the north of Italy, the Papal Territory and the independent state of Venice represented all of authority that was Italian.

Since the crusades the European states had been drawn into a closer relation; the currents of political sentiment in one country would flow into another, and thus great tides or waves of tendency would roll over the Continent as if it were one organism. One of these movements was the rise of free cities in Spain, France, Germany, and Italy. It had its origin in a desire for some refuge from the everlasting unrest, from the eternal conflict, where small communities, still acknowledging the paramount authority, might behind their own walls work out their own problem of government and development. A remarkable group of free cities

had formed in Lombardy. The burghers shut themselves behind their walls from the general political storm, and also from the exactions and oppressions of feudal lords, whose fortresses studded the country; then they would cautiously open the gates to someone among the superior class whom they believed would strengthen them, and bestow upon him a seat or an office in their government council. Such was the process by which they had grown. Milan, which was the oldest, largest, and most important of the group, assumed a headship. No idea of combination existed. The disintegrating fires of envy, jealousy, and hatred were at work keeping the cities as far apart from each other as had been Athens and Sparta. Milan tried to annihilate Lodi, and the little Cremona had a still smaller victim in the little city of Crêma. It was the old story of the Greek republics. Times had been bad enough without this needless civil war, with twelve armed invasions by the emperors of Germany in two centuries, putting down as many attempts to set up their own Italian kings in Lombardy! A crisis finally came when Lodi in desperation appealed to the Emperor Frederick I.—the great Bar-

barossa. When the Emperor sustained Lodi in her quarrel with Milan, that imperious city refused to submit to his dictation. The Emperor had been watching these small centres of political freedom, which had cast off their feudal allegiance, and the allegiance to their bishop. Now they were defying him. He meant to teach a lesson which would not be forgotten. He marched down to the rebellious city and literally tore it to pieces; then invited the neighboring cities to come and help themselves to the fragments; which they did with such ferocious zeal that nothing remained. Milan, the beautiful city, the pride of Lombardy, was effaced.

Such extravagant vengeance produced a sympathetic reaction. The Milanese were assisted to rebuild their city, and to guard against future tyrannical interference from Emperor Frederick, there was formed a league of twenty-five cities. This is the famous Lombard League to which the great Barbarossa yielded in 1113, when he conceded the rights of individual cities to govern themselves, the general sovereignty of the Emperor at the same time remaining unimpaired.

CHAPTER III.

THE life of the Norman Kingdom in Italy was brief as it was brilliant. Constance, the daughter of King Roger I., married Henry, son of Barbarossa. So in the absence of a male heir, before the end of the twelfth century, the whole territory acquired by the Guiscard brothers was transferred to Henry VI., then Emperor of Germany, who now claimed to hold in his hand all of Italy excepting only the papal dominions, the independent state of Venice, and the free cities of the North. Pope Urban IV., after a prolonged and fruitless attempt to prevent such a calamity, invited Charles, Duke of Anjou, brother of Louis IX. of France (the saint), to come and wear the crown of Naples and Sicily. Charles accepted the invitation, drove out Manfred, the illegitimate son of Frederick II., and was proclaimed king of the Two Sicilies. The wretched chapter closes with two tragedies—one pa-

thetic, the other colossal. The last of the Hohenstaufens, Conradin, a boy sixteen years old, came with an army and with banners and with enthusiasm to claim his own and drive out the usurper. He was defeated and delivered to Charles, who dared not take the chances of leaving alive so winning and so just a claimant to his throne. On the shore of the Bay of Naples the scaffold was erected. After a brief prayer the boy threw his glove among the weeping friends near him, as if it were a charge to avenge his death, then gave himself to the executioner.

So detested did the rule of the French become that it needed only a spark to start a conflagration. An insult offered by a French officer to a Sicilian maiden on her way to vespers with her affianced husband precipitated the outbreak which had been for some time preparing. The officer was killed on the spot, and a massacre of the French in Palermo instantly began, the contagion spreading to other towns, until not a Frenchman remained in the island. This, known as the "Sicilian Vespers," occurred in 1282. The island of Sicily was taken away from Charles, and bestowed by the Pope upon

Pedro III., King of Arragon, Naples remaining to Charles.

So now there were three foreign masters in Italy, and the free cities instead of drawing closer together for mutual protection were wasting their strength in embittered rivalries, each of these cities at the same time being rent asunder by strife between the two political parties, the Guelfs and Ghibellines. There had arisen in the twelfth century two political parties—the party of the Pope, and the party of the Emperor. The adherents of the Pope were called Guelfs, and those of the Emperor, Ghibellines. These names gradually outgrew their original significance and came to express two opposing tendencies; tendencies which we should now call conservative and radical. The Guelfs stood for a new Italy, with feudalism effaced, commerce fostered, and a leaning toward republicanism. The name Ghibelline stood for a protest against any changes in the old order of things. But what these names chiefly represented was an unintelligent destructive force. They afforded banners under which people could enroll themselves in carrying on traditional feuds and private hatreds, joining this or that faction as it

would help them to build up or to ruin. The long and purposeless struggle between Guelfs and Ghibellines was even more detrimental to Italy than foreign oppression, because it was disintegrating, a quality which opens the shortest road to dissolution.

While the history of the Italian peninsula in ancient times is a single thread, it had now become a strand composed of many threads of almost equal value. Venice, Florence, Pisa, Genoa, and Milan formed a group of autonomous states which seemed more like the children of Greece than of Rome. Each was an intense expression of political individualism. Each was grasping for power and wealth and territory, and with a strange instinct for beauty, lavish in expenditure for embellishment, they were vying with each other in the growing splendor of their cities. In Florence, Pisano and Cimabue were already teaching the principles of the art of beauty, and the stately group of buildings which men still travel far to see were rearing their heads. Venice, looking across the Adriatic toward Greece and the Orient, had for two centuries been studying art at the feet of the greatest masters. As "she sat in state

throned on her hundred isles," the Church of St. Mark's and a multitude of shining palaces had already arisen from the waves, which gave back their shimmering reflections just as they do to-day. These marvellous creations were clothed in the garment of an ancient civilization, the "spoils of nations," from "the exhaustless East," which the conquering Venetians had brought bodily to make their city beautiful, as should be the "Bride of the Sea"! This splendor of adornment tells the story of conquest and outreaching power and of commercial success which made it possible, and which made Venice the object of jealous hatred to Pisa, her sister city on the Mediterranean, who also had her own brilliant conquests and prosperity, owning the islands of Sardinia (taken from the Moors), Elba, and a large part of Corsica, besides colonies in the East, all of which riches, on the other hand, excited the envious hatred of Genoa, which was to be the cause of her final downfall.

The situation of Florence was less favorable for the extension of her borders than for development within herself. The fertility of her soil, the perfection of her climate, and perhaps the slight retirement from

the restless sea, centred her energies in the productive industries which were the source of her enormous wealth and lasting vitality. As the merchants, the wealth-producing class, were not noble, there was a constant recruiting of the energies of the state from below, a process which always insures long life, so that a plebeian plutocracy, although a present evil, is apt to be a future good.

All these cities had in their administration a shadowy survival of ancient Rome, with their two consuls, and a senate elected by the people. But on account of the distracting quarrels of the Guelfs and Ghibellines it became necessary to devise a new system, and then came into existence a chief magistrate with dictatorial powers, called *podestà*. This official was always a stranger, who on account of known probity and wisdom was invited to come and govern them for one year. During this period he must not enter the house of any private citizen, nor must he bring with him his family. This solitary person was expected by these restrictions to be kept safe from pernicious local influences. While ingenious and perhaps to some extent wise, this was, however, teaching the people to be submissive to a possible tyrant.

Later, in order to defend themselves from the insolence of the nobility, the people created another singular functionary, called the gonfalonier, or bearer of the standard (gonfalon). His duty, like that of the tribunes, was to suppress attacks on the liberties of the people, an army of men always standing ready the instant he hung out his *gonfalon*, to rush to his aid against any refractory noble.

In no other city did party feeling run so high between Guelf and Ghibelline as in Florence, the victory of one faction meaning unsparing vengeance upon the other. Of course the conflict of classes and private feuds and personal aims became intermingled and entangled with the larger classification. A system devised to hold the turbulent elements in check was finally adopted, which lasted for two centuries. Twelve men, called the Signoria, were elected once in two months, who acted as aids to the podestà. The Florence of this period had its learned class, who, under the shadow of the rising Duomo, and the Baptistery, discussed the opposing views of Aquinas and Duns Scotus, or, as is even more likely, the marvellous tales brought from the fabled East by the

Venetian traveller Marco Polo, or the latest utterance of their hot-headed and erratic townsman, Dante. As the sympathies of the present day naturally turn to the Guelfic party of that time, it is something of a shock to learn that Dante was intensely Ghibelline or imperialistic. He was elected in 1300 one of the priors of the republic; that is, a member of the Signoria or grand council. While he was at one time absent at Rome upon official business, the Guelfic party triumphed, and he, with the rest, was condemned to have his property confiscated, and for him was added the promise that he would be burnt alive if he ever returned to Florence. So, homeless, and in poverty, and in bitterness of heart, the exile completed the *Divine Comedy* which he had commenced, in rage deep but impotent using his pen, the only weapon with which he could strike back, by holding up to execration forever the men who had ruined him, and who, as he believed, were destroying his beloved Florence.

Pisa had also her *duomo*, baptistery, and her leaning tower proudly rearing their heads. The story of Count Ugolino shows what sort of hearts dwelt in this Ghibelline

city. This nobleman to whom had been confided the state at a time of great peril, improved the opportunity to establish a tyranny of his own. His treachery was discovered, and the wrath of the people may be measured by the punishment inflicted, which Dante has pictured with such fearful power. Ugolino, his two sons and two grandsons were thrown into prison. After the lock had been turned upon them, the key was thrown into the Arno, and the five were left to perish slowly by starvation. It needed not the imagination of a Dante to make an "Inferno" of such a lingering tragedy. The power of Pisa had been sapped by a long struggle with Genoa, and in 1241, after a naval defeat at the mouth of the Arno, so completely was she stripped of her former glory, that it was said, "If you would see Pisa, you must go to Genoa."

After the fourth crusade, one might truly have said, If you would see Constantinople, you must go to Venice. A great Christian host which had gathered with the purpose of making one more attempt to recover Palestine had assembled at Venice, where they awaited the money required for the expedition. Finally, as it did not come, Dandolo,

the Doge of Venice, offered to supply the required amount if instead of Palestine they would make Zara, a rebellious Venetian town on the eastern coast of the Adriatic, their first objective point. This having been done, the infamous proposition was next artfully made, as they still needed money, that they join the Venetians in an attack upon Constantinople, where there was an empty throne standing between two contestants. The result of this was that an army of crusaders with the avowed purpose of pillage took possession of Constantinople, and after committing every outrage which can attend the sacking of a city, they bore away to Venice an amount of plunder which cannot be estimated, and which still clothes the city of the winged lion with gold and silver and jewels and priceless works of art. The four bronze horses, which adorn the portal to St. Mark's Church, were a part of this disgraceful spoil. They are said to have been made during the reign of either Nero or Trajan by Roman workmanship.

Venice, which was the oldest of the autonomous states, had hitherto cared little for extension in Italy, her ambitions and desires all turning toward the East, which possessed

for her such a fascination. But in the thirteenth century a struggle commenced with Genoa, which lasted for thirty years. Her Duke, or Doge, was elected by the people, as was also the Senate, which shared his authorities. Gradually the democratic principle had been disappearing, and an aristocratic body called the "Grand Council" was by degrees absorbing the powers of government, the Senate finally becoming hereditary in a few families. It was when not yet fully in the clutches of her aristocracy, when her merchant princes were the carriers for the world, and when, sitting at the gateway leading to the East, she was taking toll for the traffic of Europe, that Venice reached the height of her glory.

CHAPTER IV.

THE century just closing had wrought many changes in Europe. It had given to England the foundation for her liberties in the Magna Charta. In France the period of free cities had passed, and the principle of monarchy was gaining upon a waning feudalism. The descendants of the Visigoth kings of Spain as they fought their long crusade of centuries, were slowly crowding the Moors down toward their last stronghold in the province of Granada. In Germany the house of Hohenstaufen had given place to the house of Hapsburg. Russia was in the grasp of the Mongols, but with a steady impulse toward power of a phenomenal sort, the nebulous mass was preparing to revolve about its new centre at Moscow.

To none had the thirteenth century been more significant than to the papal empire at Rome. When Pope Innocent III. brought that odious tyrant, King John of England,

cringing to his feet, Hildebrand's claim of papal supremacy had been established. That contumacious King refused to accept an Archbishop of Canterbury appointed by the Pope. Then Innocent III. absolved John's subjects from their allegiance to him, and handed his kingdom over to the King of France (1212 A.D.). When the terrified John came crouching before him, whether the Pope was or was not king of kings was no longer a question. But the papal power had reached its climax and the fourteenth century saw a rapid decline which there was no Gregory VII. nor Innocent III. to arrest. A long wrangle between Philip IV. of France and Pope Boniface VIII., over the papal prerogatives, was terminated by the accession of a French archbishop to the chair of St. Peter, under the name of Clement V. Faithful to the cause of his sovereign, Clement removed the papal residence from Rome to Avignon, a town within the French borders, where seven popes successively lived and ruled directly under French influences. This in the annals of the Church is known as the "Babylonian Captivity," a curious hiatus which lasted just seventy years (1309-79), and which cast a dark cloud over the Church for a century.

Henry VII., who had just succeeded to the throne of Germany (1311 A.D.), thought this a favorable time to go to Rome for his imperial crown. He could at the same time strengthen the bonds of amity with his Italian kingdom, and also aid his Guelfic friends in trying to drive out the Ghibellines, who now had possession in Florence. Before the attack upon Florence the Emperor suddenly and mysteriously died. The Guelfs asserted that poison had been put into a cup of sacramental wine offered him after his coronation by the papal legate. However this may be, his death was the signal for hostilities fiercer than had ever before existed, a frantic hatred driving Guelfs and Ghibellines to the most extravagant excesses. King Robert of Naples also saw in the absence of the Pope and the prevailing disorder an opportunity to subjugate all of Italy to Angevine rule by using Guelfs and Ghibellines to destroy each other, thus fighting the nation with its own fires. But he was not strong enough for so ambitious a design.

In the midst of this general anarchy, Rome had her own special type of disorder. Her government (so called) consisted of a

chief magistrate, or "senator," with powers similar to the *podestà*, and a council somewhat like the ancient Senate. Guelfs and Ghibellines at Rome were neither for the Pope nor against him. They were for the Colonnas, or the Orsinis. The politics of the city revolved about the eternal strife existing between these two noble families. Like all the great nobles in Rome, these families were descended from robber barons, some Scandinavian, some from the Rhine, some from Southern Italy. With no patrician blood, they were the apex of that pyramid which feudalism had planted upon Rome, and represented the system which it was the aim of the Guelfs to exterminate.

Petrarch, who was admitted to the closest intimacy with the Colonnas, has made the world well acquainted with them, so we know what refinements, grace, and charm there were in the ladies of that princely house, and also what noble princely virtues existed in the men. But as they fought with the Orsinis for the grand prize, the senatorship, there was not a throb of patriotism, not a single thought of Rome or Romans in the breasts of these splendid mediæval princes. So when the popes were exiled to

Avignon, the city was given up to lawlessness. Scenes of violence and terror were of common occurrence upon the streets. Not a woman or a child was safe in the city at night, nor was anyone safe at any time outside the walls, where the Campagna was infested with robbers, and the Tiber with pirates.

There was a youth growing up in Rome at this time, who was pondering upon these things. He was the son of an inn-keeper and of a washerwoman, but eager to know, and with keen intelligence he read, and read again the story of the ancient republic, its heroes, its triumphs, its noble ideals. This was Cola di Rienzi. Gradually there formed in his mind a dream, the dream of a rebirth of the splendid ancient Rome—which would be a new Rome with a soul, a Christian soul—which might again be mistress of the world! He must first arouse the people to a sense of their degradation—then he would lead them to the great consummation. He—Cola di Rienzi—would be the liberator, and lift Rome from her degradation to a throne—higher than ever before, because it would be a Christian throne. He had the gift of eloquence, and perhaps another mysterious gift which we now call personal magnetism. His enthu-

siasm, his intensity, the magic of his speech, gained listeners to his vague exalted dream about what he called the "good estate," when law and order should prevail, and all men have justice in a city which had taken her place again as mistress of the world. By painted allegories which he displayed upon the streets, and by juggling with the imaginations of the people, and by persistence and eloquent speech, he rose step by step, inspiring even the Pope with a belief in his ability to accomplish a miracle, and completely capturing the heart and the imagination of Petrarch. It seemed as if he were inspired, and as if his audacious plan developed by magic. Without a drop of blood, or a blow, the revolution was effected. The nobles, although angry and sullen, seemed awed by a mysterious force, and offered no resistance. A republic was proclaimed, with Rienzi at its head, under the modest title of Tribune.

The golden age seemed to have come. Every promise was fulfilled. The roads were cleared of highwaymen, and the river of pirates. Peace reigned in the city. Rienzi, robed in scarlet, sat in the Capitol, his palace, and listened to complaints from high and low, dealing impartial justice to all. The

Pope at Avignon was pleased, and the people at Rome seemed mad with joy, and believed the millennium was at hand. The news spread over Europe and into Asia. The Great Potentate at Babylon, hearing that a man of wonderful justice had arisen in Rome, made supplication to Mahomet to protect Jerusalem from this new danger!

Dreamy visionary though he may have been, unbalanced though he certainly was, Rienzi had sent an electric thrill throughout the world. If only a kind fate could have taken him then! The intoxication of power began to work and to manifest itself in more severity, more splendor, more confiscations of the treasures of the nobles to adorn his own palace. The great barons were now obliged to stand uncovered in his presence while he sat, and the people began to tremble before him. He devised strange fantastic ceremonies investing himself with higher and higher dignities, and finally with a silver crown and sceptre, the nobles and the Pope's legate, still under his spell, assisting in the splendid pageant. The strange story of self-intoxication and extravagant pretension, in fantastic theatrical garb, begins to seem more like the libretto of a comic opera

than sober history; and yet all was taken seriously by the Pope, and by sovereigns in Europe. But his friends were alarmed. Petrarch, who had almost severed his intimate friendship with the Colonnas for his sake, no longer wrote him daily letters telling him he was greater than Romulus, greater than Brutus, or Camillus! He solemnly warned him—entreated him to pause and to remember that he was “not lord, but simply minister, of the republic.”

Rome was tranquil, but it was cowed, and beneath the adulation there was an undertone of anger. But Rienzi heard it not, and prepared for the climax. He announced to the Italian cities that henceforth they would be governed from Rome alone, and he conferred Roman citizenship upon every native of Italy. This was a splendid dream of empire and of a united Italy, which was to be realized five centuries later. But Rienzi’s dream was more than that: it was of an unlimited and impossible empire of which he in some mystic way was to be the head, not of Italy but of Christendom. The early nobility of his purpose had vanished. Instead of the “wise and clement,” as he was once called, he was changing into a

blood-thirsty tyrant who gloated over the dead bodies of two Colonnas slain in an affray with his troops. His treatment of the nobles became atrocious. The Pope was alarmed and angry, and deposed him. At the signs of a popular uprising, the fallen Tribune fled to the Apennines. Seven years later he made his peace with the Pope, who once more commissioned him to restore distracted Rome to tranquillity. He put on the airs of an emperor, drank heavily, became gross and arrogant. As he sat in his palace one morning, flushed with wine, a strange sound reached his ears, the noise of a tumult below, then he heard the terrible words, "Death to the traitor, Rienzi!" He attempted flight disguised as a shepherd, stained his face, mingled with the shouting crowd of people below, joining his voice with theirs in execration of himself. But the light flashed upon his jewelled bracelets which he had forgotten to remove. He was recognized, dragged to the great stair, and at the foot of the Lion where death sentences were usually read, was stabbed to death.

CHAPTER V.

THAT great region lying south of the Alps known as Lombardy was composed of an imposing group of principalities—Milan, Verona, Mantua, Padua, and the duchies of Ferrara and Modena. Milan, the most powerful of these, had for over a century been arbitrarily and mercilessly ruled by one family, the Viscontis. The city of Milan, and also Verona, with no ambitions beyond the peninsula, were, like that other inland city of Florence, the opulent centres of trade and manufacture, their aims and policy entirely different from the two great cities lying south of them.

Genoa and Venice had grown by foreign conquest; were both majestic maritime powers, both seeking the same markets by the same great highways. Both had factories skirting the entire circuit of the Black Sea, and both were bringing spices from Arabia, and precious merchandise from India, and grain and furs from Russia. Separated

from each other by the whole width of Italy, it was in the eastern waters that these rival cities fought their long battle of a half century, sometimes Venice on her knees to Genoa, and sometimes Genoa supplicating Venice for mercy. It was in the earlier days of this struggle that Marco Polo, upon returning from his twenty-five-year trip in Cathay, threw his fortune and himself into the contest with the Genoese, and after a calamitous defeat was carried with ship-loads of other prisoners to Genoa. One year spent in the Genoese dungeon gave to the world an epoch-making book. His marvellous stories would soon have faded from the memory of man, had not a fellow-prisoner pieced together the wonder-tale as it was simply and unaffectedly told by the traveller, and thus produced the book which so profoundly affected the imaginations of men for centuries, and which lured Columbus into his audacious attempt to reach the great Kublai Khan by sailing into the West!

Venice, as "Queen of the Adriatic," claimed the right of exclusive navigation in that sea, her sovereignty being every year renewed and proclaimed by an imposing symbolic ceremony in which the Doge, rep-

resenting Venice, wedded the Adriatic with a ring. Genoa resisted this claim of exclusive ownership of the sea, and it was a proud moment for her in 1352 when she destroyed the Venetian fleet and the humbled Doge sent ambassadors to the Genoese admiral with a blank sheet of paper, begging him to dictate his own terms for peace. But the too-confident victor replied contemptuously, "You shall have no peace till we have bridled those horses of yours on the place of St. Mark." The Venetians gathered themselves for a supreme effort. The Genoese standard was already floating from the towers of Chioggia near Venice, with the Lion of St. Mark reversed in token of defeat. Precious works of art, those spoils of Constantinople, were melted for the gold and silver. The Venetian women gave their jewels, and the nobles their plate. After a long and brave struggle the Genoese fleet was at their mercy, and instead of "bridling the horses" at St. Mark's, Genoa fell to the position of a second-rate maritime power in Italy, from which she never again arose. In her consternation she appealed to Milan for protection, and a Milanese governor took the humiliated city in charge.

With Milan as an ally, the conflict with Venice was renewed, and the Venetian fleet destroyed. The great Visconti who was then lord of Milan, flushed with this triumph, began to extend his mailed hand over the rest of the principalities, and was by 1385 master of Lombardy. To escape this hard fate the Lombard states combined with Venice in an appeal to the German Emperor. So when the curtain again rises upon this troubled stage, we see one more source of devastation—Charles IV. with his soldiers tramping over the depleted and exhausted Italian states, and while on his way to Rome to receive his imperial crown, wearing that oft-transferred and rather mysterious symbol of power, the “Iron Crown of Lombardy !”

Out of the fratricidal strife Venice had emerged stronger than before, Milan had arisen with greatly augmented prestige, while Genoa had fallen from her great elevation to the rank of a second-rate power. Venice during the prolonged struggle had passed completely into the hands of her aristocracy. The people had already been excluded from her Grand Council. But the meshes were to be drawn still closer. From this body was selected a “Council of Ten” (1311 A.D.),

a mysterious organization, the functions of which have never been fully understood. But with their methods the world is entirely familiar. The secrecy of the trials, the absence of witnesses, the ignorance of the victims of the charges brought against them, has made the very name of this tribunal a synonym for mysterious horror and cruelty. Men and women occupying the highest positions would disappear to be heard of never more. And no one dared ask whither they had gone, or why ! Impartial as fate, it struck the powerful as well as the weak. Indeed it seems to have been at first designed as a check upon ambitious and conspiring nobles, and then to have extended its scope indefinitely. But a succession of conspiracies for the overthrow of the government probably led to the creation of this monstrous court of justice, so-called.

The memory of one of the latest and most celebrated of these conspirators is still kept alive in the Ducal Palace at Venice, where among a series of portraits representing seventy-six Doges, one empty panel painted black bears this inscription : "This is the place of Marino Faliero, beheaded for his crimes (1335)." "Crime" is an ugly com-

panion to a name in an epitaph! But the meaning of the word is relative. The loftiest virtue in one land is sometimes crime in another. In Venice, in the fourteenth century, a revolt against the tyranny of the Council of Ten was treason and the blackest crime. When Faliero, who had brilliantly served Venice in foreign lands all his life, was recalled from Avignon, where he was Ambassador at the Court of the Pope, to fill the office of Doge, and when the ducal cap, with its circlet of gold, was placed upon his head, and the ducal ring upon his finger, he believed he was receiving the crowning reward for a life-long devotion to the state. But when he found that he was a mere lay-figure in humiliating bondage to that secret tribunal, in the hands of younger men, and when he received taunts and slights and insult from those who should have trembled in his presence, his indignant fury seemed to turn his brain. An insane impulse seized him to overthrow the whole odious tyranny which was ruining his city. It ended as we have seen. The old man met his doom at the head of the stairs in the Ducal Palace, and there the empty panel has proclaimed his disgrace ever since. But it might be a grim satis-

faction to the proud old Venetian could he know that, for that very reason, his name among the other seventy-six Doges is almost the only one the world will never forget! One other, the name Foscari, has also attained a tragic immortality; Francesco Foscari, after wearing the ducal cap for a number of years, was compelled by the Council of Ten to preside over the torture of his only son. The obdurate tribunal refusing to receive his resignation, and insisting upon the unproved guilt of the young man, three times compelled him to sit in the torture-chamber and see his adored son broken to pieces upon the rack. All this he heroically bore. But when the Council tried to disgrace him by taking the ducal ring from his finger and breaking it in pieces, and then drove him from the Palace, the old man's heart broke, and he died as the bells were ringing in his successor (1425). Then they bore him back to the Palace from which they had just expelled him, placed the ducal cap again on his dead brow, gave him the most magnificent funeral the Republic could bestow, and covered him with sculptured marble in the Church of the Frari, where he still lies.

The city of Milan, already populous and powerful, was now taking on a new splendor which would make her forever great in the architectural world. Her matchless cathedral, with its wilderness of statues, was in process of erection. Cimabue and Giotto and their followers had for almost a century been making Florence beautiful, and laying the foundations of the Italian school of painting. Those delicate flowers, poesy and art, with their strange tendency to adorn rough and unlovely places with their tender grace, were beginning to weave a filmy delicate mantle over Italy. While that awful pestilence, the "Black Death," was stalking over the land, Boccaccio wrote his "Decameron," and was reciting its hundred stories for the diversion of panic-stricken Florentines (1347 A.D.). And in the midst of distracting political agitations, with the earth perpetually trembling beneath his feet in Rome and in Florence (1304-74), Petrarch, proudly wearing the laureate's crown, was writing sonnets and striving to create a new intellectual life by infusing into the people his own passionate ardor for the literature of past ages, and was thus sowing the first seeds for a coming Renaissance.

The prolonged absence from Rome had greatly impaired the dignity and the authority of the Church, but in spite of protests and entreaties the popes still lingered in France. Its remoteness from the perpetual agitations at Rome, its luxurious repose and isolation, made Avignon a fascinating abode to the cardinals, who resisted all attempts to re-establish the papal residence in the Eternal City. But in 1367, Pope Gregory XI., moved by the prayers of a saintly woman, St. Catharine of Siena, went to Rome and survived the change just one year. There then commenced a disgraceful quarrel between popes and cardinals which lasted for half a century. The cardinals, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, had placed Urban VI. in the vacant chair at Rome. But when they discovered that he was arrogant, domineering, and intractable, and perhaps—that he would not return to Avignon—they also discovered that the Holy Spirit had this time made a mistake. They repudiated him and elected another—Clement VII. So now there were two infallible popes, one at Rome and another at Avignon, each claiming universal dominion by virtue of his being the one and only vicegerent of Christ upon earth! While the air

was vibrating with anathemas and excommunications hurled from Rome to Avignon, and from Avignon back again to Rome, a church council was called which took upon itself the settlement of the dispute by deposing both popes, and electing another under the title of Alexander V. So now there were three infallible and only vicars of Christ reigning over His kingdom upon earth, and Europe was divided in allegiance, its conscience confused, and its religious enthusiasm chilled. This is known as "the great Schism of the West." Not until the fifteenth century was the disgraceful breach healed, when, at the church council at Constance in 1414, all three popes were formally deposed and Martin V., a prince of the great house of Colonna, was solemnly placed in the papal chair at Rome.

The important point established by the action of this council was, not that Martin V. was the rightful Pope, but that the supreme ecclesiastical power was vested in the council; and that the decisions of a collective episcopate, composed of prelates from all the Catholic states of Europe, was the court of last appeal to which even popes must bow; a limitation of papal prerogative which would

have been startling to Gregory VII., or to Innocent III. when he was deposing kings in England and in France, and claiming an authority with no visible frontier. But this was only a spasmodic reform, as later events showed.

In the south of Italy at this time a young queen was on the throne of Naples, whose troubled life-story bears some curious points of resemblance to that of Mary Queen of Scots two hundred years later. While only a child of sixteen, she was a queen, and already married to her cousin, who was making himself odious by insisting that he should share her authority. This troublesome consort was one day invited into an upper chamber, a silken noose was deftly thrown about his neck, and he was pushed out of the window. Then, before the clamor over his murder had died away, the beautiful Joanna was wedded to the man believed to be the chief instigator of the plot. Interest in this romance is enhanced by the knowledge that Boccaccio was one of the fascinating Queen's many adorers, and warmly championed her during her stormy career, which was tragically ended in 1382, by her being smothered by pillows in her bed.

As the fourteenth century was closing, the popes were ruling at Rome. In the south the Angevines were holding a luxurious and voluptuous court at Naples, and the Aragonese were reigning in Sicily. In the north, Milan was grasping all within her reach, and Florence beginning to tremble before her, she herself being engaged the while in humbling beautiful and brave Pisa. Genoa's star was declining, while Venice sat triumphant upon her throne on the shining Adriatic.

There had been wars, and desolation, and pestilence, and tumultuous changes at every point—no rest, no repose. And yet a country which in one century had been given a Dante, a Giotto, a Petrarch, and a Boccaccio, had not been entirely forgotten by the gods!

CHAPTER VI.

IN this story of Italy a name destined more than any other to shape her ultimate future has not yet been heard. Lying in the sun under the shadow of the Alps, and back from the sea in safe, noiseless obscurity, was the little province of Savoy. Possessing nothing that others wanted, and with no extravagant outreaching desires of its own, this bit of territory had been quietly expanding since the beginning of the eleventh century, when a certain Humbert, a German count, obtained it as a gift from the Duke of Burgundy. By judicious marriages, and by gradual encroachments upon his neighbors, the tract had expanded into quite a large state, and in 1388 the province of Nice, lying between it and the sea, needing protection from French encroachments, voluntarily annexed herself to her sturdy mountaineer neighbor in the north, and so to the realm of mountains, and forest, and ravines, was now added a much-needed

line of seacoast. The state of Savoy had thus at once become important, and a factor in the affairs of the peninsula. So in the year 1413 the Emperor Sigismund dignified the territory with the name of duchy, and Count Amadeus VIII., the descendant of the first Humbert, became Duke of Savoy, the new duchy of course becoming a fief of the empire. Duke Amadeus, realizing the peril of his position in being so near to the grasping Duke of Milan, at once formed an alliance with Florence and Venice which was mutually advantageous, and from this time the dukes of Savoy, the "janitors of the Alps," as they have been called, appear, disappear, and reappear again with telling effect in the story of Italy. Upon the deposition of Eugenius IV., Duke Amadeus was offered the papal chair with the title Felix V. He abdicated his dukedom in favor of his son and reigned over the pontificate for a brief period, then prudently resigned in favor of a more popular candidate. In proof of the high esteem in which he was held, he was always thereafter permitted to wear a part of the pontifical dress, and had the special privilege of giving the Pope a fraternal kiss upon the cheek, instead of kissing his toe.

All of which is interesting as evidence of the ability and adroitness which distinguished the first Duke of Savoy, and also showing the brilliant *début* which the new duchy made into the great world.

During the last century another complicating network of circumstances had been spun over Italy. Bands of adventurers had swarmed into the peninsula from other lands, offering to fight the battles of anyone who would pay for their service. Known as free lances in other countries, these in Italy were called *condottieri*. What had at first been a disorderly vagrant host, plundering right and left, had now become a regularly organized system of mercenaries. Wars were incessant, and were an interruption to industry and hence to prosperity, something dearer than aught else to the Italian cities. By employing the *condottieri*, the merchant princes in Florence, and Venice, and Milan, need have no conscription arresting peaceful pursuits, and might still go on piling up riches, while their paid servants fought their battles. The story of Carmagnola shows to what heights these soldiers of fortune might climb, and to what depths they might also fall. A rustic from the mountains of Pied-

mont, Carmagnola, while only a boy, joined the *condottieri*. His genius for military affairs advanced him rapidly, and early in the fifteenth century he was the commander-in-chief of the Milanese army. When the stern old conquering Duke Gian Galeazzo died, and the smaller Lombard cities, Parma, Cremona, Lodi, Piacenza, struggled out of the grasp of his son Philip, he it was who brought them back into subjection and made Milan stronger than before. So now the Piedmontese peasant was a great general, and the terror of Florentines and Venetians, and of all the enemies of Milan. For his reward he was given a Visconti for his bride, and dwelt in a palace, and was treated as a prince. This awoke envy, and ways of undermining him were discovered. The Duke's attitude toward him suddenly changed. His feelings wounded, stung to madness by a sense of ingratitude, in a sudden access of rage Carmagnola turned his back upon Milan and rode across the frontier into Savoy. There he offered his services to Duke Amadeus, his native prince, suggesting ways in which he could extend his frontier on the side toward Milan!

But the Duke was too prudent to accept

the opportunity, and Carmagnola then presented himself before the Senate in Venice with a similar offer. Who so well as he knew the strength and the weakness of their terrible enemy, Milan? Nothing better could have come to Venice at this time while in league with Florence and Savoy against the terrible power in the north. She hated Florence only a little less than Milan, and would not have been displeased to leave her to her fate. So the great *condottiere* was invested with absolute authority and lived again in a palace and like a prince, basking in the friendship of the Doge, Francesco Foscari, he also not yet under the shadow of tragedy! And there were many victories, and Duke Philip of Milan saw his armies destroyed by the general whose strategy and invincibility he so well knew. But the time came when in a struggle over Cremona there was a crushing defeat for the Venetians, Carmagnola said because his advice had not been followed. There were no reproaches. Carmagnola, on the contrary, was assured by the Senate of their continued confidence—might he not some day ride back to Milan in the same way he had come to them? A flattering invitation came for him to return

to Venice for a conference with the "Most Serene Prince and the illustrious Senators." When he arrived he was conducted by his courtier-attendants directly to the Doge's Palace. He was led through a labyrinth of halls, growing dimmer and dimmer, until a door was opened and he realized his fate—he was in a dungeon. The fatal doors were only to open again as he passed from day to day to the torture-chamber, where in the presence of the Secret Council it was expected to wring from him a confession of having betrayed them at Cremona to the Duke of Milan. Whether the month of torture accomplished this, no one knew. It is only known that on May 5, 1432, the great chief was led out, with his mouth gagged, to his execution on the plaza. In this way was justice administered in beautiful Venice! Perhaps when the aged and stricken Doge was witnessing his own son's tortures, not long after, he may have recalled Carmagnola and the "torture-chamber," and the last scene "between the columns."

But the defeat at Cremona so fatal to Carmagnola made the fortune of another great *condottiere*. Francesco Sforza's star steadily rose after that day in 1431, when

he was the victorious general in command of the Milanese army, and when Duke Philip died without an heir and there was no Visconti to succeed him, the brilliant soldier of fortune, as commander-in-chief, controlled the situation. By finesse and by audacity he seized the vacant throne and planted the dynasty of the Sforzas (1450). This usurper, who ruled wisely for those times, was the grandson of a peasant, but claimed descent from a person no less distinguished than Porsenna, King of Etruria, the champion of the exiled King Tarquin! The genius for statecraft and the soaring ambition of this man prepared the way for the line of dukes which was to follow him. They had not the wolf-like qualities of the Viscontis, did not find entertainment in hunting their peasants with bloodhounds, but with more refined methods, while a little less cruel, proved more dangerous to Italy.

CHAPTER VII.

IN Florence a new family had come into control of the Republic. The name "dei Medici" indicates that their ancestors had been members of one of the ancient city guilds—not necessarily as practising the profession of medicine, but as a qualification for participating in the government. By mercantile pursuits this family had amassed great wealth, and by lavish liberality and integrity and by intelligence had acquired popularity and influence. Cosimo de' Medici (1389–1404 A.D.), the son of a long line of merchants, by his talent for administration and his affability, and by his princely generosity, had attained the position of an untitled prince. His power became almost supreme. Whom he would he raised, and whom he would he abased. Of course the ruling oligarchy was jealous and tried to destroy him. He was accused, it mattered little of what, banished, and then recalled triumphant, because

they could not get along without his sustaining and guiding hand, which kept the people in the path of peace, prosperity and wealth. He gathered about him great artists, commissioned Brunelleschi to complete the plans for the Duomo, and employed Ghiberti, Donatello and Luca della Robbia to adorn buildings with their matchless sculptures. In this founder of the house of Medici, we see all the traits which so distinguished this epoch-making family,—the passion for learning and for art and for all that makes for supreme culture and intellectual refinement, and joined to this that subtle quality which made him the despotic master of the people without their knowing it. The friend of the democracy and its munificent benefactor, what more could they ask? Holding no office, no title, he left to his descendants a legacy of power, a firm grasp upon the state which it would not find easy to shake off.

In 1453 an event of transcendent importance occurred. The capture of Constantinople by the Turks thrilled Europe with a tide of new intellectual life. Greek scholars and Greek literature carried into every land the thought and the ideals of the great past.

The Turks in freeing these hoarded treasures were the unconscious benefactors of Europe, and Christendom while weeping for Constantinople was just as unconsciously enriched by its loss! But for Italy a Renaissance had been in progress for a century. A passion for ancient Greek manuscripts, and for Greek culture and ideals, was not new; it had existed since Petrarch taught the Colonnas the subtle charm of these things. And Florence was already instinct with the spirit of the Renaissance when its transforming tide swept over the rest of Europe. So, as was natural, it was the Florentines who were the most influential in guiding this new impulse, and it was the Medicean family which stood at the gateway between the old and the new culture.

It was Lorenzo de' Medici, the grandson of Cosimo, who gave the final impress to the character of the Medicean policy. Florence was to be a personal despotism, and he, its magnificent ruler and patron. His own fortune was great, but not great enough to carry out his princely designs, so he drew upon the public treasury. Here was an opportunity for his downfall, which was carefully planned by the Pope and a family

of jealous Florentine nobles—the Pazzis. By a preconcerted plot he and his brother, while at high mass in the Duomo, were attacked by assassins. His brother was slain, but Lorenzo survived to witness the effacement of the Pazzi family by the enraged Florentines, and his own exaltation far beyond what it had been before the conspiracy. A hideous fringe of dead conspirators hung from the windows of the Signoria, an archbishop and two priests were among the slain, and the people were not appeased until the last of the enemies of their benefactor had been slaughtered. Pope Sixtus IV. enlisted the King of Naples to aid in avenging the death of his archbishop. But the persuasive and wily Lorenzo went himself to Naples and in one interview induced the King to abandon his purpose, cunningly showing him how much more advantageous would be the friendship of Florence than her enmity. Then, this diplomatic triumph accomplished, Lorenzo returned to bury out of sight the liberties of the republic by converting the elective body of the state into a permanent council appointed by himself. It was a delightful enslavement. Their city, like a second Athens, was growing

splendid and drawing to itself the learning and culture and art of all Italy. It had Michel Angelo, the greatest genius that ever wrought in marble, to sculpture its monuments and to adorn its walls, and Ghirlandajo and Ghiberti and della Robbia to embellish its palaces. The age of Pericles had come again. They still exulted in the name of Republic, and so lightly did their chains rest upon them, that they believed they were free!

But beneath these splendid refinements, and the scholarship and the fastidious taste and breeding, there was a morass of wickedness. Religion and morality, as we understand them, did not exist, nor did nobility of character, nor truth, nor honor, nor even decency in the conduct of life. Yet Florence, selfish, sordid, sensual, was chosen for the strangest outpouring of genius that, with a single exception, ever came to one city. Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, Ghirlandajo, Angelico, Robbia, Leonardo, Raphael and Michel Angelo,—such is a partial list of the names enrolled in one century—a century of incredible corruption and a climax in the moral degradation of Italy!

What are we to think of the magnificent

patron of a new culture who writes ribald songs and choruses for the people to sing upon the streets ? and what of the people who take pleasure in these things ? One asks in bewilderment whether the putrid elements of decomposing character are what genius feeds upon ! And whether it be true that art and spiritual elevation are antagonistic, and that art and morals must dwell in different realms ! However this may be, Florence under Lorenzo “ the Magnificent ” reached the sublimest heights in art, and a perfection of æsthetic development which was to be a model for the world—and yet she was base !

Italy’s moral condition at this time is like the negative of a photograph. It precisely reverses the standards of to-day. It makes high-lights of shadows, and shadows of high-lights. What they called virtuous we consider infamous. What to us is essential to decency of character, to them would have been compromising, and even fatal to social or political reputation. The standing of a man was not injured by his being considered vicious or perfidious, but nothing could be worse than a reputation for simplicity ! One might lie and use fraud and deception, but to be incapable,

or to sin against taste—these were crimes for which no genius would atone.

In the evolution of the Italian republics not one elevating influence had been at work. Intensely narrow in their patriotism, the well-being of each state demanded the destruction of the rest. The prosperity of Florence required that she should sap the life of Pisa, and that of Venice, that she should destroy her competitor Genoa, and Milan, that she should devour all within her reach. A policy so debasing to national character would have extinguished native nobility had it existed. Instead of wisely drawing together for mutual protection and advantage, they were always driven apart by fierce antagonisms. Italy was in fact a disintegrated mass held together by perfectly artificial systems needing only a touch from a more firmly compacted body to fall into ruin. She was not an organism, but an ingenious mechanism. Nothing had developed from a life principle within; all was artificially imposed from without, and was held together by that vicious combination of fraud, violence, and subtle wickedness, called statecraft.

The source of the poison which was cours-

ing in the veins of Italy was the Papal Kingdom. When an open profligate could buy the suffrages of the cardinals and become the primate of Christendom, and when he could publicly acknowledge his illegitimate sons and daughters, could set his price upon sin, and then for his own enrichment establish an organized system for the sale of pardons, how could virtue exist in the land? This is what Innocent III. was doing, his traffic in crime having, it is said, filled the Campagna with brigands and assassins. Religion, instead of a renovating, purifying, spiritual influence, had become simply a system by which men might placate a wrathful God by gifts, and if these were frequent and rich enough, they might sin to the bent of their desires. It was for revolt against such a church as this that the Inquisition was torturing and burning heretics, and that John Huss and Jerome of Prague had suffered martyrdom, and that the Waldenses were to be slaughtered like sheep in the shambles!

But good breeding and taste demanded that the Church be sustained, and nowhere in Italy was the martyr's crown in great request! The mental energies of Italy were

fully occupied with the Renaissance. Florence had a great work in hand. She was laying the foundations of modern culture. It would be too much to expect that she should at the same time be conducting a spiritual reformation. She had her own mission, and was performing it with supreme excellence, and if under the despotic sway of Lorenzo, that magnificent pagan, she was being emancipated somewhat from the Church which had excommunicated her on his account, we are compelled to think that paganism was not a bad exchange for a religion which had become so depraved and so debasing to the conscience of its children. But the truth pure and undefiled still existed ; not in the hierarchy, not at Rome, but in the deep recesses of human hearts. In Italy and everywhere were men and women in whose souls the sacred flame was burning with undiminished ardor, and untarnished purity, and this it was which brought the living waters safely through the centuries, and through the unspeakable defilements of ecclesiasticism.

There was one such soul now in Italy struggling with the problem of sin. Savonarola, a Dominican friar born in Ferrara, had

from his childhood been oppressed with a sense of the sinfulness of Italy. Sent to preach to the Florentines, he found their city given up to sensual pleasures. Under the influence of its splendid tyrant, the worship of beauty and of pagan culture was its religion. He tried to tell them of their peril, but it was the voice of one crying in the wilderness. It was Lorenzo de' Medici, the man who had taken away their liberties, he it was who had thus perverted their hearts with paganism! If Florence was to be saved he must be destroyed. A warning voice within gave him no peace; night and day it said, "Cry aloud and spare not." He seemed to be taken possession of by something not of himself, and the spirit of prophecy came upon him. He saw a foreign host sweeping through the land, Italy ravaged, and blood flowing in the streets of Florence, and then a purified Church rising over a penitent and stricken Italy. In visions and in trances again and again he saw these things. He must tell the people of their coming doom. "Repent—repent—while there is yet time!" That was the burden of his cry. Crowds began to throng the Duomo to catch the rushing torrent of his words. He laid bare the wickedness of

their hearts and the iniquity of their lives with such an unsparing hand that men trembled and women cried aloud in terror. A scribe who preserved portions of these sermons breaks off in his narrative with these words, "Here I was so overcome with weeping that I could not go on." Another one says, "His words caused such terror, alarm, sobbing and tears that everyone passed out into the streets without speaking, more dead than alive."

Lorenzo, wishing the best of everything for Florence, was pleased to have the great preacher remain. Perhaps it touched his æsthetic sense to listen to his strange inspired eloquence, like a prophet of old, and to watch that austere, haggard face, with the deep-set eyes, burning and flashing from beneath his cowl. But when the darts began to strike him, when the preacher would not meet him, because he was the enemy of Florence, then his feelings changed. Perfectly antagonistic, these men represented hostile principles. But the paganism of which Lorenzo was the incarnation, was quite as much a revolt against a corrupt church as was Savonarola's dream of a new spiritual baptism, and it was intended in

the evolutionary process to accomplish the spiritual resurrection he sought, not by methods such as the impassioned reformer would have chosen, but by the emancipation of human thought from the trammels he venerated and upheld. The great preacher, inspired seer though he was, did not understand the solution of the problem. The Renaissance was a necessary highway in human progress which led directly to Luther.

Still another mind different in quality from both of these was in Florence at this time, forecasting the future, and pointing out the path of safety. Righteousness was not upon his banner, nor did he call upon people to "repent." This was Machiavelli, statesman, cynic, and philosopher. His acute mind grasped the idea of unity as the hope of Italy, and also clearly traced the corruption and prevailing disunion to the Church as its source. The Church must be held subordinate in the state, rivalries and antagonisms must cease, and all must come under one prince—that prince to be Lorenzo de' Medici. Such was the plan outlined in his famous work "*The Prince*"—the most sagacious and at the same time the most auda-

cious and infamous book ever given to the world. Dedicated to Lorenzo, it is intended as a hand-book for princes—showing how to acquire power, and how to keep it. It measures with scientific accuracy the amount of cruelty needed under different conditions to make a city helpless. In speaking of free cities, in view of the troublesome vitality in the idea of liberty, he says—"to speak the truth, the only safe way, is to ruin them." Men may sometimes be managed by caressing; if not, they should "be trampled out." He sneers at Baglioni, because he had not the courage to strangle his guest, Julius II., after dinner. The only despicable quality is weakness. So with refreshing frankness he proceeds to lay bare Italian political methods. Everyone knew that such were the means used by the Venetian Council, and the Papal Court, and the Sforzas, but that it should be calmly and philosophically stated, that duplicity and fraud and cold-blooded cruelty were the proper path to power, and the essential weapons after it was acquired—this it is which has astonished the world for five centuries! The corrupting influence of "The Prince" upon France and Spain at the time is undoubted, and we are not surprised to hear

that the Spanish princes and the sons of Catharine de' Medici were at a later period careful students of this manual of political crime. Machiavelli's strictures upon the Church sound like Satan reproving sin. But while he must have admired the Christian hierarchy as the finest specimen of his art, yet viewed in its relation to the political condition of Italy, he disapproved of it, because he had the wisdom to see that the hope of Italy lay in making the Church subordinate to a central authority. Savonarola, on the other hand, thinking only of righteousness and attacking the sins of the Pope as fiercely as those of the people, would have thought it impious to impair the authority of the Church, or alter its structure one iota.

The day came when Lorenzo needed the preacher. He was dying, and sent to Savonarola to come and open the door of Heaven for him by the sacraments of the Church, and by absolution. He would have none but the Dominican, for none other was honest. The friar, standing by the dying man, required three things as the condition for absolving him. He must throw himself upon God's mercy, which he was willing to do; must restore all property unjustly ac-

quired, to which he also consented; and he must give Florence back her liberty! The friar had asked too much of the dying sinner with only minutes to live. He silently turned his face to the wall, and died unshriven.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE year of Lorenzo's death, 1492, was great in the world's chronology. It witnessed the expulsion of the Moors from Granada, and the final triumph of Spain after her struggle of 700 years. It saw the European states, every one, held under the dominion of a strong centralized authority which had forever effaced feudalism. But greater than all else, another world was revealed, beyond the mysterious Western Ocean. The full significance of this was not suspected; but Queen Isabella's gold, and kindness, and proselyting spirit had forged the most important link in the chain of circumstances since the birth of Christ. Then, as always, however, the emphasis was placed upon events which would become invisible through the perspective of centuries. The death of Lorenzo and of the reigning Pope seemed vastly more important than the discovery made by the Genoese. Who would wear the tiara,

was the all-absorbing question. It was a great opportunity for the cardinals. They had bought their red hats with gold, and now might get the price back by selling their suffrages! Roderigo Borgia, from Valencia, Spain, was the richest, wisest, and most cunning of the candidates. He knew the price of every one of the conclave: that Cardinal Sforza, brother of the Duke of Milan, wanted to be Vice Chancellor; that Cardinal Orsini had long had his eye upon the Borgia palaces in Rome; that while Cardinal Colonna preferred the Abbey of Subiaco with its fortresses, another thirsted for the Bishopric of Porto, with its palace and well-stocked wine-cellars; others again being satisfied with gold. And so it was that in 1492 the mantle of St. Peter was placed upon Roderigo Borgia, who assumed the title Alexander VI. The reign of Nero among the emperors was not a greater climax than this first Borgia's among the popes. No less sensual, no less grasping of power than Nero, he claimed an unlimited authority—which even included the hemisphere just discovered by Columbus, which he generously divided between Spain and Portugal—and also just as unlimited indulgence in his own private and personal life.

His hand was strong, and guided by craft and sagacity. So his first work was to humble the great princes—and to destroy the faction between Colonnas and Orsinis. So active was the sale of indulgences and pardons that an epigram then current says: “Alexander sells the keys, the altars, and Christ. Well—he bought them, so has he not the right to sell them!” But if he gave a heavy price for his tiara, he cunningly got it back in creating forty-three new cardinals, each of whom paid him a fortune for his hat! Twelve of these, it is said, were sold at auction in one day.

The one man he could not buy was Savonarola. He tried it with honeyed words and blandishments, offering him a cardinal’s hat if he would come to Rome. But the friar replied that he preferred the red crown of martyrdom. A crusade against sin was not pleasant to a pope steeped in crime and profligacy, who was showering benefits upon his illegitimate children, making Cesar Borgia at eighteen a cardinal, and contracting a royal alliance for his daughter Lucrezia. He could easily have silenced the voice of the preacher at Rome, but as the friar would not walk into his trap, he suspended him.

Savonarola had struck a new note in his inspired declamation. He was the champion of liberty. Political freedom was inseparable from righteousness, and, like Ezekiel and Jeremiah and Jonah and all the prophets of old, he believed it was his mission to overthrow tyranny and to destroy wicked rulers and constitutions. So, without ceasing, he incited the people to cast off the rule of the Medici, which had descended to Piero, the feeble son of Lorenzo.

Ludovico Sforza for his own purposes invited Charles VIII., King of France, to invade Italy with the purpose of establishing a shadowy claim upon Naples, offering the assistance of Lombardy in the enterprise. And in 1494 Savonarola's prophecy was fulfilled. A French army entering by the territories of the Duke of Milan, marched southward, and achieved a bloodless triumph over Italy. Florence and Rome, without resistance, were handed over to him by Piero de' Medici and Alexander VI. After proclaiming himself King of Naples, Charles returned to France, and Italy, except for the humiliation, and the discovery of her weakness by Europe, remained much as before.

Savonarola's words had been verified! The excited Florentines believing he alone could save them, he became practically a dictator. Piero and his house were driven out, and the preacher planned a new constitution for a new Florence. A spiritual madness seized the people. Instead of vile songs, hymns were sung upon the streets, and young and old pledged themselves to lives of piety and austerity. A day was appointed for the "burning of vanities," when there was a great holocaust of finery and adornments and books; Boccaccio, and the classic poets, and MSS., and rare paintings were given to the flames. It was a revival—the greatest the world ever saw. It was Puritanism run mad in Florence! This was the climax. The burning of works of art, the insult to the new culture, roused the fury of its adherents. They joined hands with the Pope to destroy this prophet of evil who was holding Florence in his hand. A reaction from the tense emotional strain also came, and when the city was under an interdict by the Pope, and no sacraments could be administered for the living or rites for the dead, some of Savonarola's followers fell away from him. The ordeal by fire was

proposed to learn whether or no he really was of God, as he claimed. The furnace was prepared, the Franciscan who had offered to join him in the test was ready, and the people assembled to witness a miracle. But Savonarola did not come—and at last a heavy rain extinguished the fires. The faith of the people was shaken, and a prison (in the tower of the Signoria Palace) closed upon the fallen dictator. There are vague rumors of prolonged tortures, and of confessions and retractions shrieked by him while in the delirium of the rack. How much is true no one knows—only that on the 23d of May, 1498, he came before the people for the last time. As the fires were lighted beneath him, and the noose adjusted about his neck, a jeering voice cried, “Prophet—now is the time for a miracle!” The only words he uttered were, “The Lord has suffered as much for me,”—and the rope and the fire did their work.

The French invasion by Charles, barren of immediate results, was the showy prelude to the real performance. It was the noisy, harmless shower preceding the deluge. Europe had found out that Italy was an easy prey for any adventurous kingdom. But

there was a still deeper cause for the over-turnings which were at hand. In the path of progress Europe had moved from the rule of many masters into the strong keeping of four or five. Feudalism was dead. Diversity had had its day and accomplished its work, and the hour had struck for unity. Europe contained a group of firmly compacted absolutisms, each despotically governed by a central authority, and all bound together again into a larger unity by diplomatic threads. What was done by Ferdinand and Isabella in Spain, thrilled the Court of Maximilian at Vienna; every move of England and France in like manner vibrated through the entire group of despotisms. A tide bearing the principle of unity, had moved over the face of Europe, even Russia, remote and separated, keeping step with the general advance. Italy alone was left behind, and in a Europe ruled by kings and parliaments there lingered five mediæval states, with dukes and doges, and gonfaloniers, and signorias, and grand councils, all crowded together in a small area, upon a small peninsula. Engaged in deadly rivalry with one another, they were playing an antiquated game upon an absurdly small field. They

were an anachronism in Europe. That the wave should sweep over them was just as inevitable as that the tide should cover a low-lying strip of land. It might be as surely prophesied as that the sun should rise after the dawn. The intellectual awakening of the Renaissance, so hateful to Savonarola, was the first streak of light in the dawn of the new day—a day which would reach its high noon when not alone the intellect but the conscience was emancipated, and when men had learned to know the height, the depth, and the breadth of the word—liberty! The discovery of new sources of wealth in the West, the diverting of the trade energies from the old Eastern highways, this and all the circumstances pointing to the downfall of the proud mediæval republics, were only acting under a more comprehensive law of progress, which majestically moves on its appointed way through the centuries. The republics had lost their golden opportunity; and since they would not conform to the prevailing spirit, would not of their own will combine, and centralize, they were to be ground in the mills of the gods for three centuries, until they were fused, every trace of the old rigid land-

marks obliterated, and Italy prepared to be a homogeneous nation.

In 1499 a new energetic king, Louis XII. of France, invaded the peninsula, in alliance, not with the intriguing Duke of Milan, but with Ferdinand, the King of Naples, with whom he was to divide the spoil, the Pope consenting to the unholy league. The work was quickly accomplished, and then the crafty Spaniard took all the fruits of the victory for himself, and ruled Naples and Sicily under one crown. The aggrieved Louis turned to the Emperor Maximilian. They formed an alliance to subjugate Venice, Louis seemingly unconscious that a Charles V. was soon coming on the stage, who would be joint heir to the German Empire and Spain, and the overwhelming rival of France. So by 1515 Spain, France, and Germany were trampling over the soil of Italy, the infatuated states the while pursuing their petty animosities just as before, each still thinking only of its own peril or advantage.

Alexander VI., the Infamous, had died by a cup of poison which it is said he and his son Cesar had prepared for some troublesome cardinals. This may not be true. But one crime more or less makes little differ-

ence in the record left by Cesar Borgia, which has probably not been exceeded even in Italy. He it is who is held up by Machiavelli as the perfect specimen of the art of statecraft. It was Cesar Borgia alone who satisfied the artistic sense of this fastidious anatomist of political villany. With no vulgar impulsiveness, with perfect self-command, he could be deliberately cruel with definite ends in view. With a steady hand he could assassinate his brother, or strangle a group of friends, not because he disliked them, but because they were an obstruction. It was the splendid intelligence of his cruelty which charmed Machiavelli, the supreme subtlety with which he established himself in the seat his father carved out for him, and played his game for power with Spain and with France, by bribes and promises, and perfidy within perfidy, meeting every obstruction, not with coarse violence, but with quiet stranglings, and poison, which he would compel his agents to administer for him, and then execute them for the crime with a show of indignation. His cruelty was never purposeless, but intended to terrify and thus to subjugate. There was this intention even in that famous incident, when he entertained

his father and sister Lucrezia for an afternoon by shooting arrows at condemned criminals brought into the court of the palace for that purpose. He knew the temper of the Italian people, and that terror accomplished more than blandishments, and in anticipation of his father's death, he was firmly establishing himself in his new territory.

Such was the man held up by a sagacious Florentine patriot as a model for the imitation of Lorenzo, in ruling a republic !

Alexander VI. was succeeded by Julius II., a man with fewer vices and larger ambitions. At first favoring the alliance against Venice, he became alarmed for his own kingdom, and conceived a plan of a federation of all the Italian states, which should then be ruled by his own progeny. With important European powers he formed a "Holy League," for the expulsion of the French and Germans, which led to the battle of Ravenna (1512).

Julius is best remembered as a patron of art. He it was who created the Vatican museum. The Apollo of the Belvidere had been recently unearthed, and also the Laöcoon had just been found buried beneath the

Baths of Titus. He employed Bramante to lay the foundations of St. Peter's at Rome, and then Raphael and Michel Angelo to continue the work. It is his connection with the incomparable masterpieces of these two men which invests the name of Julius with interest. Michel Angelo's "Moses" was one of the figures created for his monument. Leo X., who succeeded Julius in 1513, was one of the Medici family. He immediately employed the great sculptor to design and decorate the chapel of the Medici at Florence, where he had re-established the authority of his family. It was in fulfilment of this commission that the great work commemorative of Lorenzo de' Medici in that city was executed.

The building of St. Peter's, the magnificent plans for its embellishment, the decorating of the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican, and other art projects, required a great deal of money, more than Leo could command. So he proclaimed a sale of special indulgences and sent his messengers into Germany to collect the golden stream which was sure to come from this traffic in sin and crime.

Martin Luther, originally a monk, but then a professor in the University at Witten-

berg, already burning with indignation at the impurities of the Church, wrote a stinging denunciation of this last infamy, which he nailed upon the door of the old Castle Church (1517). This seemed a small matter at Rome, but it was going to shake the Church to its centre. The smothered fires burst into an uncontrollable conflagration, and Europe was convulsed with the Reformation.

While Protestantism was overturning Europe and wearing out the heart of the overburdened Charles V., in Germany, it made little difference in Italy. Charles, the grandson of Isabella and Ferdinand, and also of Maximilian, in 1519 bore the weight of two crowns, his power extending over two hemispheres. He determined to settle matters in Italy. He received his Imperial crown from the Pope, then as their master summoned the Italian princes to meet him at Milan. Florence was secured to the Medici, who were to rule under the title of Dukes of Florence. A Spanish viceroy was placed at Milan, and another in Naples, and the whole peninsula was left in a condition of inglorious servitude to his agents.

CHAPTER IX.

FROM 1530 to 1796 Italy has no history of its own. Would you know its perturbations and overturnings during three centuries, you must look for them in the histories of Spain, France, and Germany. It was the battle-ground for alien armies fighting over issues with which it had nothing to do, the people driven like dumb cattle before Hapsburgs and Bourbons and drinking the cup of humiliation to the dregs. Francis I. and Charles V. fought out their long battle on Italian soil. When Francis was taken prisoner and carried to Spain, and the army of Charles had possession, scaling ladders were planted against the walls of Rome (1527 A.D.), and again was that city the scene of horror, ravaged by a German mob, the Pope hiding in the castle of St. Angelo, while the worst passions of a ferocious and brutal army were let loose upon the inhabitants, rivalling in horror the sacking by Goths and

Vandals. After this came another Medicean Pope, Clement VII., he who drove Henry VIII. into Protestantism by his indecision over the matter of the divorce, Catharine, the wife Henry wished to repudiate, being the aunt of Charles V., whom he must not offend.

Again did the Florentines attempt a republic, this time under a gonfalonier appointed for life, and again were the Medicis driven out. Catharine, grand-daughter of Piero, son of Lorenzo, was the wife of the Dauphin of France, who upon the death of Francis I. would be Henry II. Until this intriguing family in alliance with despotism was expelled, there could be no liberty for Florence, so once more the city was closed upon them, only to see them soon return again as Grand Dukes of Tuscany, more powerful than ever. It was in 1580 that one of these sumptuous Grand Dukes gave to Vasari the commission to build the gallery which connects the Uffizi and Pitti palaces.

All this concerns sovereigns and pontiffs and princes. Of the people there is little to say except that wretchedness reigned. The plains once fertile and blooming were a

desert—prosperity was destroyed and towns depopulated. The attempt of Genoa to establish a republic under Andrew Doria, a son of one of her ancient families, in 1528, was not unsuccessful. It continued in force until the French Revolution. Of just such unrelated fragments as these does the history of this period consist. Nothing that happens seems connected with what precedes nor what succeeds it. Things done are just as speedily undone, the changes in the shifting scene being no more significant than those made by the turning of a kaleidoscope. It is a story of ineffectual popes striving to cope with a deluge, and to reinforce the crumbling foundations of the Church; and of waning cities trying to hide their decay, and to keep up the semblance of their ancient glories. The order of Jesuits was founded, and the Council of Trent solemnly proclaimed a statement of Catholic doctrine, intended to reform and yet to strengthen the authority of the popes, and the foundations of the venerated structure. After the abdication of Charles V. came the reign of his son, Philip II., the champion of the faith, reinvigorating the assaults upon Protestantism in his own remorseless fash-

ion, with his efficient aid, the Duke of Alva.

The pontificate of Gregory XIII. (1572–85 A.D.) is marked by the reform in the calendar which was finally adopted by all of Christendom, except where the Greek Church prevailed, so that to-day Russia and Greece are twelve days in advance of the rest of Europe. This was the period of the religious wars in France, which were terminated when Henry IV. was received into the Church by Clement VIII. Pope Clement is also remembered in connection with the burning, for alleged heresy, of Giordano Bruno, the most learned and distinguished scholar of his age; and also with the torture and death of Beatrice Cenci, for the crime of parricide—an act which, although deserved, was never proved.

The Duchy of Savoy, remote and unobserved, continued to grow. Her dukes, by ambitious marriages and by a silently aggressive policy, were becoming a power. The reign of Victor Amadeus I., who married the daughter of Henry IV., is remembered by the extinction of that religious sect called the Waldenses, a form of Protestantism, so named for its founder, one Peter Waldo. To

escape persecution these people had hidden under the shadow of the Alps in Savoy and Piedmont, where, unobserved, they built their villages, and worshipped unmolested. After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Victor Amadeus was ordered by Louis XIV. to compel his Waldensian subjects to become Catholics, and between the armies of France and of Savoy, this picturesque and defenceless people were awakened from their dream and annihilated. It was soon after this that Louis also, upon a shallow pretext, bombarded and captured Genoa, converted its palaces into ruins, and then compelled the Doge and four chief senators to come in robes of state, kneel at his feet, and beg for pardon. When centralized authority had reached this point, it seems as if the time should have been ripe for something better than absolutism! And that something was already on its way, and making good progress, while Louis XIV. and Louis XV. were inviting the inevitable crisis which must attend overstrained authority. In the game of shuttlecock being played in Italy, when cities and states were tossed without ceasing from one to another, Nice was at this time also torn by Louis from Savoy, thus

changing masters for the eighth time since 1387!

A vacant throne in Spain was for Italy of more importance than events nearer home. With the peace of Utrecht and the accession of Louis's grandson, Philip V., the astute Amadeus II., Duke of Savoy, still further strengthened his house by the marriage of his two daughters, one with the new King of Spain and the other with the Duke of Burgundy, son and heir of Louis XIV. The settlement of this question of the Spanish succession at Utrecht, 1713, again upset the established boundaries in Italy. Spain had to give up Naples, which, with Milan and the island of Sardinia, was assigned to the disappointed Emperor of Germany. The Duke of Savoy, always on the winning side, in spite of the domestic ties uniting their families, had joined the grand alliance against Louis XIV. in the day of his decline. He had earned a reward, and so in the final distribution a long-coveted strip of territory between Milan and Genoa fell to him, and also the island of Sicily, with the title of King of Sicily. This he was induced in 1720 to exchange with the German Emperor for Sardinia, the regal title being changed to "King

of Sardinia.” It was in 1735, after the war of the Polish Succession, that Naples was returned to Spain and for twenty-one years ruled by Charles III., son of Philip V., and it was during this reign that the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were uncovered (1738 A.D.) after having been hidden for seventeen hundred years.

One seemingly unimportant exchange of territory at the time profoundly affected the future of Europe. The island of Corsica belonged to Genoa, and had for generations been struggling to free itself from the tyranny it hated. The impoverished and expiring republic in 1768, being in desperate need of money, sold her troublesome dependency to France; and so the Great Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte, instead of being born an Italian, as he would have been, or a German, or a Spaniard, as he might have been, was a Frenchman!

The French people were the most plastic and receptive of any European nation, and required a steady hand to govern them. It is the effervescent wines and the volatile drugs that have to be tightly corked! But while kings and ministers could repress the manifestation of discontent, they could not

prevent its existence, nor the increasing volume of vicious energies it generated. The problem set for each succeeding reign was to find the amount of external force required to imprison the forces within; each reign needing an increase of rigidity on the surface, and this in turn generating a greater volume of resistance from below, where destructive energies were looking for opportunity to escape. Such was the process from the death of Henry IV. to Louis XVI. Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV., great and wise though they were, seem to have been ignorant of one philosophic truth—that nothing that is rigid endures!

A handful of people across the Atlantic, because of infringements upon their rights and liberties which would have seemed small indeed in France, had been measuring their strength with England—had cast off her yoke and joined the nations of the earth as a free and independent people. This was an object-lesson which made despots tremble and which wrought changes terrible but beneficent. The catastrophe long impending in France came in 1789, shaking Europe to its centre. The reign of absolutism was passing, and the day ushered in

by a Renaissance was approaching its high noon.

It is characteristic of genius to see opportunity where to others is only a blank. Napoleon Bonaparte, with instinctive consciousness, saw the path to power. The air was vibrating with the word liberty. If he would capture the sympathies of France and of the world, he must move along the line of political freedom. The note to be struck is freedom for oppressed peoples. Where would he find chains more galling, servitude more unnatural, than in Italy? It mattered not whether kings liked it or not, there was a power abroad stronger than kings!

Without money, with an unpaid, unclothed army, he obeyed the inspiration. In 1796, with the unexpectedness of a tornado, he swept down upon the plains of Lombardy. The battles of Lodi, Arcola, Rivoli, were won, and in ten months Napoleon was master of Italy, something no one man had been before since the fall of the Empire! By the treaty of Campo Formio, Northern Italy was divided into four republics—the Cisalpine, Ligurian, Cispadane, and Tiberine, with their capitals respectively at Milan, Genoa, Bologna, and Rome. Venetia, that

is, Venice and its surrounding territory, was thrown into the lap of Austria, while what had been the Neapolitan Kingdom, or Southern Italy, had become the Parthenopean Republic, with its capital at Naples. When we see what this young, inexperienced general accomplished as if by magic, how by a few phrases about "Liberty," and the "breaking of chains," addressed to Italians, and a few startling victories addressed to the Austrians, he had in ten months made himself master of all Italy, we are filled with wonder—not so much that he did it, as that neither Spaniard, German, nor Frenchman, singly or in alliance, had been able to do it, although trying for three centuries.

What an opportunity was here for this man, in whose veins there coursed only Italian blood, to accomplish the dream of centuries—the unification of Italy! But his ambitions were too colossal for such an object, Italy was only the stepping-stone to a larger mastery. The people whose "chains" he had "come to break," were at once required to surrender territory, money, jewels, plate, horses, equipments, besides the choicest of their art-collections and rare MSS. In a pri-

vate letter to a member of the Directory, Napoleon writes: "I shall send you twenty pictures by the first masters—by Correggio and Michel Angelo." And later he says: "Join all these to what will be sent from Rome, and we shall have all that is beautiful in Italy, except a small number of objects at Turin and Naples!" Pius VI., without a protest, had surrendered his millions of francs and his MSS. and his ancient bronzes, and a part of Romagna—the papal territory. But he absolutely refused to recognize the existence of a "Tiberine Republic." Such recognition meant a renunciation of his temporal sovereignty. So the old man, trembling under the burden of years, was escorted over the border into France, where, after less than a year of captivity, he died (1799 A.D.). In 1804, after having himself proclaimed Emperor of the French, Napoleon came to Milan and placed upon his own head the Iron Crown of Lombardy. If Charlemagne was a successor of the Cæsars, he was now the successor of Charlemagne, and Italy was his kingdom. He might do with his own as he liked. So, instead of consolidating, he broke it up once more into fragments. Eugene Beauharnais, his stepson, as viceroy of the Ligurian and

Cisalpine republics (Lombardy and Piedmont), wore the title, King of Italy. The throne of Naples he gave to his brother, Joseph Bonaparte, to be transferred to his brother-in-law, Marshal Joachim Murat, when to Joseph at a later time was assigned the throne of Spain. The Grand Duchy of Tuscany became a kingdom of Etruria with a Bourbon prince upon its throne. Ancient boundaries and landmarks were obliterated, geographical lines of separation removed, political divisions redistributed and rechristened, so that mediæval Italy had disappeared. In other words, Napoleon accomplished in Italy just what he did later in Germany. In breaking down the revered old enclosures and tyrannies, he performed in a decade the work of centuries, and swiftly prepared the soil for a new order of things.

Pius VII., like his predecessor, refused to recognize the authority of the empire in his papal territory, so he, too, was carried into France, and Romagna was declared a part of the French Empire. But the period of a Napoleonic despotism was beneficent. Uniform laws were administered and equal rights conceded. Public works gave employment to the poor and public offices were open to all Ital-

ians, while to Jews and Protestants was given protection. An honest effort was made to reform the wretched peninsula, although at the same time draining it of its wealth and its youth by taxes, and conscription for Napoleon's colossal wars.

CHAPTER X.

By the year 1815 Waterloo had been fought, Napoleon was at St. Helena, and the Allies were tearing down the temporary thrones and decorations. The proclamation of the Austrian general to the people of Italy in 1814, sounds as if it might have been copied from Napoleon's in 1796! "Italians! You have groaned long enough under the yoke of oppression. We have come to free you. Behold in us your liberators! Soon your lot will be envied. It is time the Alps should proudly raise an insurmountable barrier against oppression!" In the following way were these promises fulfilled: The statesmen assembled at the Congress at Vienna as far as possible restored the worst of the old tyrannies, with the addition of a few new ones. The Neapolitan Bourbons were replaced on the throne of Naples, including Sicily as before. The papal sovereignty and territory were restored. The old Hapsburg

House returned to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany—Parma and Modena reappeared as independent duchies. Savoy was returned to King Victor Emmanuel I. of Piedmont, who also received, in addition, the territory belonging to the ancient Republic of Genoa. Venice had already been bestowed upon Austria by Napoleon—to this was now added Milan, making the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom. While the duchy of Parma was given to the Austrian Princess Marie Louise, Modena was restored to the Austrian tyrant Francis IV., who had trampled upon it long before the Napoleonic era. So over a great region comprising the fairest and richest part of Italy was written the name of the Austrian Empire, and for the domination of a Napoleon there was substituted the dominion of Austria—the most autocratic despotism in Europe.

Two parties arose in Italy, the Liberals and the Carbonari. The overthrow of Austrian tyranny was the object of both, the one by moderate measures, the other anarchistic. The Carbonari, with only indefinite ideas of the form of government to be substituted, pledged themselves to obey their leaders, and if necessary by violence and treachery to

accomplish their freedom. This contributed the unthinking element which served to keep alive the fires of revolt, while the Liberals more reasonably and intelligently divided upon the relative wisdom of constitutional monarchy, or a republic, and the question of the temporal rule of the Pope. In opposition to these two parties was created another, the "Sanfedesti," or upholders of the Holy Faith, which taught absolute devotion to the Pope and death to Liberalism.

These were the three standards under which the battle was fought, while Austrian tyranny was striving to extinguish every aspiration toward liberty in the peninsula, the sovereigns in the states not absolutely hers being in fact simply her agents. When the feeble King of Naples yielded to a demand for a constitutional government, for which his people had been "teasing him," an Austrian army promptly appeared, took possession of the city, eight hundred Neapolitans were condemned to death, and many times that number sent to prisons and the galleys, the executioners becoming exhausted in their tasks! In this way was the promise made by the Austrian general in 1814 ful-

filled in 1820 ! In this way was “ the yoke of oppression ” broken by their “ Liberators ! ”

At this same time (1820) there was a popular uprising in Piedmont. The cities demanded two things : a constitution, and freedom from Austria. King Victor Emmanuel I. was sternly forbidden by Austria to yield a single point. His people were in rebellion. Rather than take up arms against them, he abdicated. In the absence of his brother, Charles Felix, his cousin, Charles Albert, was appointed Regent. The sympathies of the Regent were with the people, and he granted the constitution they prayed for. Charles Felix returned, repudiated the act, ordered his cousin to leave Turin and to go to the Austrian camp at Novara, where the officers received him with the shout intended to be derisive, but which was in fact so prophetic—“ Behold the King of Italy ! ” Victor Emmanuel II., the Liberator, and the first real king of Italy since Theodoric, then an infant one year old in his cradle, was the son of this Charles Albert ! The story of Naples was repeated. Instead of freedom and a constitution, death and imprisonment and exile were liberally bestowed until “ quiet ” was restored in Piedmont.

In the Romagna there had been worse Popes than Leo XII., but his ferocity may be imagined when it is said that in the year 1825 five hundred and eight persons were beheaded for real or suspected Liberalism. The month of August witnessed the heaviest part of this butchery, no less than three hundred executions taking place in that month, the list of victims including nobles, men of various professions, priests, and farmers. He also forbade vaccination while small-pox was raging, and set up the Inquisition to purge his kingdom of Jews and Protestants.

The Ghetto, to which the Jews had long been restricted, was a district on the banks of the Tiber separated from the city by walls. From the frequent overflow of the river and from neglect, its condition was indescribably shocking. Within this enclosure all the Jews were locked every evening, never, even in times of inundation, being permitted to sleep outside. These unfortunate people were not allowed to forget that they were only the offscourings of creation! At the opening of the carnival every year a deputation composed of Jews were compelled to present themselves at the capital, kneel ab-

jectly at the feet of the "senator," and ask if they might be permitted to live! To which, after spurning them with his foot, the Christian magistrate answered with the usual formula: "Go; for this year we will tolerate you!" The walls of this inferno, in which the unfortunate beings were confined, had become decayed, and the enforcement of the rules lax. So Leo XII. repaired the Ghetto and restored the waning discipline and the old order—as he would have done in every place where the air of freedom was getting access, in the land he would have liked to carry back into mediævalism.

The Duke of Modena, Francis IV., was another incarnation of tyranny. When a constitutional uprising appeared in his duchy in the form of a mild request, he sent the following note to the Austrian governor nearest him: "A terrible conspiracy against me has broken out. The conspirators are in my hands. Send me the hangman. Francis." In Bologna an uprising against the temporal authority of the Pope was successful—but the omnipresent Austrian was there in time to stamp it out. The teachings of the Sanfedisti may be inferred by the following extract from a manual introduced into Italian

schools, entitled, "Duties of Subjects toward their Sovereigns." It proceeds in the form of a catechism, thus : Q. How should subjects behave toward their sovereign ?

A. Subjects should behave like faithful slaves toward their master.

Q. Why should subjects behave like slaves ?

A. Because the sovereign is their master, and has as much power over their possessions as over their lives.

By such means as this did Austria try to secure the loyalty of a people chafing under her yoke, a people who were for the first time being drawn into a fraternal union with each other by the bond of a common hatred and a common aim—an emancipation from Austria.

In 1830 the hopes of patriots everywhere were strengthened, when Charles X., the last Bourbon king in France, was driven out, and Louis Philippe, a constitutional king, ascended the throne. There were at this time in Piedmont four youths whom Italy and the world could ill have spared ! The kingdom over which that lover of Austria, Charles Felix, reigned, was the birthplace of liberty. Mazzini, the so-called Prophet of the Revolu-

tion, was born at Genoa, 1805 ; Garibaldi, its Soldier, at Nice, 1808 ; Cavour, its Statesman, at Turin, 1810, and Victor Emmanuel, the future " *Re Galantuomo*," also at Turin, in 1820. Charles Felix, or Carlo Feroce (Charles the Ferocious), as he was derisively called, died leaving no heir. Charles Albert had the nearest hereditary claim, but his liberal tendencies made him objectionable. Prince Metternich, the Austrian Minister, tried to arrange a marriage which would bring the troublesome kingdom of Piedmont into subjection. If the daughter of the deceased king married Francis IV. of Modena, the Salic law might easily be abrogated, and Piedmont would have a safe conservative guardian in the Duke of Modena, the most arbitrary ruler in Italy. The plan was a very ingenious one, but Talleyrand, Minister to Louis Philippe, did not approve of it, and so it came about that Charles Albert, who since the affair of the Constitution, in 1820, had been quietly at home teaching his boys " *to ride, and speak the truth*," ascended the throne of his ancestors. But, unhappily, Charles Albert had permitted his hands to be tied before he took the reins, by a promise to the dying king that he would not disturb the form of govern-

ment. Unconscious of this, Mazzini, believing the time was now ripe, called together his "Young Italy," to meet the Austrian onslaught which would undoubtedly come; never dreaming that the *king* would hesitate to grant the Constitution he so readily bestowed in 1820, as regent. The disappointment was bitter. The army of "Young Italy" found itself fighting not the Austrians, but the liberal King on whom their hopes had rested. Executions and imprisonments, and a price set upon Mazzini's head, were the punishment for trying to force a constitution upon a king who was under a pledge not to grant it, a secret compact which was to make the early part of his reign incomprehensible to patriots, and miserable to himself. But the time was coming when this well-intentioned and liberty-loving sovereign would free himself from the Austrian web spun about his throne, and would boldly ally himself with the cause of "Italy for Italians."

CHAPTER XI.

THE fifteen years of the pontificate of Gregory XVI. was a dreary period for patriots—Mazzini in England, and Garibaldi in South America, each with a price upon his head, Austrian bayonets always within call to quell uprisings ; it needed faith of no common sort to believe the future held anything for Italy but degrading servitude to the Hapsburgs. In 1846 the conservative Gregory, the ardent upholder of Hapsburg rule, died. Who should be selected as his successor was a burning question. The choice fell upon Cardinal Feretti so unexpectedly to him that it was said when the result became certain he exclaimed, “Gentlemen, what have you done?” and then fainted. A gracious, smiling pope with liberal tendencies was received by the people with frantic joy. The ambassador hastening from Vienna with the Emperor’s veto, arrived too late. Pius IX. was in the chair of St. Peter, and had commenced

the pontificate which was to be a struggle between generous inclinations and what he considered his paramount duty as the custodian of the honor and sanctity of the Church, a natural dislike of foreign domination feebly clashing with an unwillingness to take up arms against a state so inflexibly loyal to the Church as Austria, and a determination that, come what would to the spiritual, the temporal authority of his office must be held intact. It was this eager grasp upon the temporalities which tainted all of this Pope's mental processes, and which made the long pontificate of Pius IX., covering one of the most critical periods, a tissue of unfortunate mistakes.

The new pontiff came at a time when, more than ever before, the hands of Italian patriots needed to be strengthened. Poland had been effaced in her despairing struggle with Russia, and Polish exiles were scattering seeds of rebellion wherever there were souls thirsting for freedom. There was something in the air of Europe which made despots uneasy. Patriots had grown bold not alone in Poland but in Hungary, and Italy was catching the contagion. Mazzini and Garibaldi were watching from afar for signs that

they might return and join in the rescue. At this moment the fall of the monarchy and establishing of a republic in France sent an electric thrill throughout Europe. It was the French mode of saying that their government should have aided the cause of freedom in Poland and in Italy, and a warning to despotisms not to go too far! News of an insurrection in Vienna and the expulsion of Prince Metternich aroused the Milanese to make an attempt for their escape. "The time has come!" were the words with which they called upon the people to make a bold strike for liberty. Then it was that Charles Albert freed himself from his entanglement. A constitution was given to his people, and with his two sons, the Dukes of Savoy and Genoa, he threw himself into the struggle with Austria for the freedom of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom. The patriotic contagion spread, Tuscany, and even Rome, and at last Naples, sending troops to defend their Lombard brothers and the frontier of Italy. This is the sort of thing that makes patriotism! Never had a united Italy seemed so near. It needed only a great military leader—Napoleon in a day could have made Italy free. But there was no Napoleon, and there came

a defeat at Custozza, and then a retreat to Milan—one red-shirted band of patriots, led by Garibaldi and Mazzini, stubbornly refusing to lay down their arms.

Pope Pius IX. had not yet given his sanction to the movement, although none doubted that he would. Great was the shock when he issued an encyclical, April 29, 1848, saying he could take no part in a contest against Austria! The cause had received a terrible blow. The excitement at Rome was intense, the Pope's Minister was assassinated, and Pius IX. fled in disguise under cover of the darkness to Gaeta, a fortified city on the coast near Naples.

Charles Albert resolved to make one more effort for the expulsion of Austrian troops from Lombardy. He met a crushing defeat at Novara, March 23, 1849. The Austrians followed the retreating army into Piedmont, with victory still more overwhelming upon his own soil. Charles Albert, unable to endure his humiliation and disappointment, abdicated, before he left the battle-field, in favor of his son, Victor Emmanuel, leaving to younger and stronger shoulders the burden too difficult and too heavy for him. The youth of only twenty-nine upon whom had

descended this burden, undaunted by defeat and by his father's despair, with set face looking out on the gloomy battle-field, uttered the words he was going to make true after twenty-one years of unceasing effort—"And yet, Italy shall be!"

Austria was in high spirits, and her efficient General Haynau was despatched to settle matters with the people in Lombardy. The town of Brescia, which had also evinced a taste for liberty, received the first lesson. The details of the burnings, and whippings, and wholesale slaughter so horrified people in England, that on the occasion of his visit there at a later time, when he had still further distinguished himself in Hungary, a mob took him in charge and thrashed him until he was rescued by the police; Tuscany, which now had its constitution and had been aiding in the war against Lombardy, was suddenly abandoned by her Grand Duke Leopold, who fled from Florence and joined the Pope and the King of Naples at Gaeta. The astonished people implored him to return, which he did only at a later time, when Florence was garrisoned by Austrian troops, and the constitution and all the concessions to the spirit of freedom had vanished. Mrs.

Browning's "Casa Guidi Windows" tells the story of Florence at this period, when a wave of returning despotism was the natural result of the overwhelming defeat of Charles Albert in Lombardy. Patriotism again began to hide its head, and the day of independence was farther off than ever. That antiquated despotism at Vienna believed that by fastening down all the valves, and permitting no steam to escape, the danger was averted! An uprising in Naples was put down with horrible barbarities. Houses were set on fire and women and children leaping from the windows were butchered in the streets below, which were actually running with blood, the Bourbon King Ferdinand making not the slightest effort to stay the massacre. Austria with her new young King, Francis Joseph, had her hands full at this time, with a great rebellion in Hungary incited by Polish exiles. The Czar helped him to stamp out this fire which had been kindled by his own revolted subjects, and then the vanquished Hungarian patriots were turned over to Haynau to be taught loyalty to Austria.

At this dark hour in Italy, and when abandoned by the Pope, a temporary government

was formed at Rome, for the conduct of the war with Austria, Mazzini and Garibaldi aiding in its organization. The abolition of the Inquisition was its first measure. As the emaciated victims were borne out into the blinding sunlight, a great cry arose, "Down with the Pope! Long live the Republic!" It was many centuries since that cry had been heard in Rome!

A Triumvirate was elected by the Assembly, composed of Mazzini, Armellini, and Saffi. After years of waiting in exile, Mazzini's hour had come! He was virtual dictator of a Roman Republic. Calm, patient with opposition, never petulant nor melodramatic, his was not the low order of passion which expends itself in noise and fury. Extravagant he certainly was, and intense. But it was the intellectual and fine intensity of an idealist and an enthusiast, who knew no way-station between tyranny and perfect liberty; no compromise with political expediency. In his hatred for Monarchy he would not have regretted the overthrow of a Constitutional Government in Piedmont, provided it could lead the people to rise in mass and to achieve complete Republican freedom. If he had hitherto been a dreamer of im-

possible dreams, Mazzini's speculative tendency was now held in check by an imperative demand for the practical. The young republic must vindicate itself, must by its wisdom and its fruits prove its right to exist, and leave no pretext for intervention from jealous European despotisms.

The Roman Republic with high hopes appealed to England and to France to sustain it. Louis Napoleon sent 8,000 men to Civita Vecchia not to "sustain the republic," but to effect a reconciliation with the Pope! It soon became apparent that French soldiers were there not as rescuers, but as jailers. While there was great satisfaction at Gaeta when news came that General Oudinot was attacking Rome, in France, so intense was the popular indignation, that Louis Napoleon was obliged to send M. de Lesseps to patch up a peace which would be acceptable to the Pope, to General Oudinot, to the republic, and to the French Assembly! This difficult negotiation failed, Oudinot being determined to reinstate the Pope without conditions. Which presents the nobler picture—Pius IX. surrounded by emissaries from all of Europe, the centre of Machiavellian diplomacy, and rejoicing in a foreign invasion which was

mutilating the dome of St. Peter's, and the gallery of the Vatican—or Mazzini and Garibaldi and their small band of patriots, with desperate courage defending the city from a French army sent to coerce them back into servitude to Austria!

Garibaldi's 19,000 men, making up in enthusiasm what they lacked in experience, with splendid valor for one month defended the city against 35,000 trained veterans. On July 3, 1849, the brave leader was hastily summoned before the Assembly, and in answer to their question, was compelled to admit that the defence could no longer be continued. The Assembly ordered a surrender, then with stately gravity, and as if it were a dying bequest, they conferred Roman citizenship upon all who had aided in the defence of the republic, and after this their last act, solemnly and calmly, like the Roman Senators of old at the first Gaulic invasion, they remained at their posts until they should be driven out by French bayonets. Then, before the entry of the French army, Garibaldi assembled his soldiers, and dramatically invited whoever would to follow him to the end of the struggle. He said, "I have only hunger and danger to offer you, the earth for

a bed, and the sun for a fire, let whosoever does not despair of the fortunes of Italy follow me!" Of the three or four thousand patriots who accepted these stern conditions and passed out of the gates of Rome that night, only a handful survived to witness Italian independence. Proclaimed as outlaws, most of them were captured and shot before they reached Piedmont. Garibaldi's faithful and adored wife, Anita, whom he had romantically married in South America and who insisted upon sharing his hardships, died from exhaustion by the way. Even at Piedmont the hunted patriot could find no safe asylum, and his wanderings did not cease until he reached America.

It is a sad picture we have of Mazzini, pallid with suppressed excitement, and wandering aimlessly like one in a dream amid the wreck of his hopes, until hurried across the frontier by friends.

Venice, which in the general uprising had declared herself a republic, was the last to surrender. The terrible Haynau with 30,000 Austrians invested the city, in which 2,500 beleaguered patriots held out until famine and pestilence compelled a capitulation. The triumph of Austria was complete. Every

place in the fair peninsula, except that little state in the northwest, had given up the struggle. Pius IX., victorious and content, returned to Rome (1850), Cardinal Antonelli, the implacable enemy of free institutions, was appointed his chief adviser, and the brief career of the Roman Republic was over.

CHAPTER XII.

THE reign of Victor Emmanuel II. commenced in deep shadow. Not a ripple of enthusiasm greeted his coming. At Turin, his capital, he was received with frigid coldness. His father was dying of a broken heart in Portugal, and there was nothing to make him glad but his Queen and his two little boys, Humbert and Amadeus. His army was demoralized and chafing under defeat, his people bitterly disappointed and angry, an unfriendly parliament criticising his every act, with extreme radicals exasperated at his conservatism, and extreme reactionists denouncing the liberal tendencies which had brought ruin to the state. It needed a stout heart to take up the burden, and no little address to reconcile his people to the galling terms he had been obliged to accept—20,000 Austrians quartered in Piedmont, and a heavy money indemnity to be paid. It is not strange that the young man of thirty

years became grave and abstracted, and there came into his face that expression of deep sadness which grew to be habitual in after years. He one day told his Minister d'Azeglio, that of all the professions, that of king was the last he would have chosen. D'Azeglio replied, "But there have been so few honest kings, what a grand thing it would be to head the list as *Re Galantuomo*?" (Honest king.) The words struck Victor Emmanuel's fancy, and soon after when the Census-Register was brought him for his signature, under the head "Profession" he wrote—"Re Galantuomo," and thus gave himself the title by which he will always be remembered.

The assumption of the title of emperor by Louis Napoleon in 1852 extinguished all hope of aid from France to the cause of freedom in Italy, while it produced a corresponding elation at Vienna and St. Petersburg. It was intimated to Victor Emmanuel that two systems of government on the peninsula, one absolute and the other constitutional, was an "inconvenience" which Austria and Prussia could not much longer tolerate. D'Azeglio's spirited reply was, in effect, that the King was master in his own

kingdom, and wished for no advice in what concerned the welfare of his people.

When this able Minister gave up his portfolio in 1852, one no less able took his place. Count Camillo di Cavour had from his young manhood been identified with the Liberal Party. He was not impetuous, not a fiery leader of armed patriots like Garibaldi, not an impassioned dreamer like Mazzini. He was a wary student of men and of conditions, who with a patriotism no less intense than theirs was going to deal with the sources of things. If the force of the steam is necessary to drive the engine, the hand of the skilled engineer is no less needed to open or to close the valves as changing conditions demand. Garibaldi's headlong patriotism blazed the way to freedom, but that freedom and Italian unity would never have been consummated without the inflexible steadiness of purpose and the calm, wise statesmanship of two men, Victor Emmanuel and Cavour, his Minister.

Perfectly in accord, these two determined at once upon a measure of reform in the Church which should include the suppression of monastic institutions, and the amenability of the clergy to civil instead of eccle-

siastical courts, thus sharply defining the position of the King on the side of the anti-clerical party. Pope Pius IX., undeterred by these assaults upon his temporal authority, and wishing to proclaim his unimpaired supremacy, ventured upon an unprecedented act. When in 1854, alone, without the advice of a Church council, he promulgated the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, he made the first addition to the doctrine of the Church since the Council of Trent (1563 A.D.).

All the conditions were thus becoming intensified. Not only between clericals and non-clericals was the chasm widening, but also the greater one between Austria and the King of Sardinia. A protest from Cavour on account of merciless severities carried on against suspected Liberals in Lombardy, who were pursued even into Piedmont, received no attention from Austria, and diplomatic intercourse was broken off. The advent of the Austrian Archduke Maximilian as Viceroy of the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom is interesting only on account of his subsequent tragic career in Mexico. Appointed to take the post made vacant by the retirement of Field-Marshal Radetsky, the

interesting and accomplished youth brought his young and lovely bride Carlotta, Princess of Belgium, to Milan. Two years were spent in the fruitless endeavor to do justice and show mercy, with a power behind him thwarting his large-minded and amiable purposes. Milan was only one of the way-stations in the pathetic life-journey of a prince unfitted by nature to represent a merciless despotism.

The Crimean War was in many ways a crisis in the affairs of Europe. France and England in 1854 joined the Sultan in a war to prevent Russian encroachments upon Turkish soil. Victor Emmanuel hoped more from constitutional England than from any other source. It was true that Lord Palmerston had studiously refrained from giving even a moral support to the Italian cause, but a recent incident awakened hope. When the Duke of Genoa, the brother of the King, visited England during the previous year, the gracious Queen Victoria presented him with a horse, saying: "I hope you will ride this in fighting the battles for the liberation of Italy!" Significant and encouraging words to take back to his royal brother at that time! One can only surmise that among the mixed motives impelling the King and Ca-

your to join in the struggle for Ottoman integrity was a natural desire to secure the friendship, and perhaps the gratitude, of England. But the astute Cavour also saw the advantage to little Piedmont from participating in a great international war. It was a bold but successful move. When the King of Sardinia's contingent of 15,000 men received the congratulations of Queen Victoria after the battle of Tchernaya, and when at the Congress of Paris, where the treaty was signed, Piedmont was accorded the same footing as the five great powers, Austria realized that times and conditions had changed in the peninsula, and that her despised neighbor had been admitted to the circle of the great family of nations.

The gallant young Duke of Genoa, who had expected to command the Sardinian troops in the Crimea, died of consumption while the war was in progress, leaving an infant daughter, Margherita, who was to be the future wife of Prince Humbert and the adored Queen of Italy. When in one month the King lost his mother, his wife, and his brother, and was thus overwhelmed with private griefs, the Church construed it into a swift punishment for his wicked anti-clerical policy. Even

Cavour hesitated and urged a more gradual extinction of the monastic houses, earning by his moderation the hatred of the radicals. But Victor Emmanuel was firm and the famous "Ratazzi bill" was passed.

A visit to Paris, where the King was honored with the most flattering reception from Louis Napoleon, and another to England, no less flattering, when Queen Victoria bestowed upon him the Order of the Garter, and the air resounded with his praises, doubtless strengthened the expectation of aid from those governments. But when all these beguiling courtesies were over, the French emperor could not be brought to a decision by the skilful Cavour, while Lord Palmerston frankly told him that England would not consider any proposition unfriendly to Austria! The blow had fallen. If Italy was to "be," she must work out her own problem of unity. The clerical party in the kingdom was growing and outnumbered the party of the King. "What will become of us," said Cavour, "if they undo the work of eight years?" The King replied: "Rather than yield, rather than beat a retreat now, I would go to America and become plain M. de Savoie." If France would not aid them for love of their

cause, she must be bought. The relations with Austria were becoming every day more strained. While massing 200,000 men on the borders of Lombardy, she was insolently protesting against the king's increasing his forces beyond what was required for a peace-footing. There could be no peace and no starting-point for Italy's redemption until Victor Emmanuel was King of all Northern Italy.

Louis Napoleon needed two things to solidify his empire at home and abroad. He must have brilliant military successes to make Frenchmen forget the republic, and he must make distinguished royal alliances for his family to increase its prestige among other nations. A marriage between his cousin Jerome Bonaparte and the young Princess Clotilde, the daughter of Victor Emmanuel, just fifteen years old, was worth considering. So when privately sounded by Cavour as to the price he would ask for armed assistance to Sardinia, he named the two things most sacred and dear to the King, his ancestral duchy of Savoy and his daughter! In return for these, if the war was successful, the kingdom of Sardinia would include Lombardy and Venetia.

The King consented to the sacrifice, and in an address from the throne at Turin a few days later he uttered words which were correctly construed by an astonished Parliament as an announcement that he was about to call the nation to arms. The people were electrified. The applause in Parliament was frantic, men springing to their feet and shouting until they were hoarse, "Long live the King!" When he uttered the words, "we have heard the cry of anguish" (*grido di dolore*), men wept, and *grido di dolore*, words so eloquent of sympathy, and of pity and determined rescue, were caught up as a watchword throughout the peninsula. Victor Emmanuel, no longer distrusted, had conquered the hearts of his own people, and was the hope of every patriot in Italy.

The condition of the marriage was the one over which the King struggled longest, and not until his daughter's free consent was obtained did he accede to it, his Ministers assuring him the while that without it there would be no aid from France. So in the month of January, 1859, the nuptials were celebrated.

CHAPTER XIII.

ITALY was astir with expectancy and preparation. Francis Joseph peremptorily demanded that Victor Emmanuel should at once disband the Piedmontese army, allowing three days for a reply. This precipitated the crisis for which all were longing. Within a week the Austrian army had crossed the Ticino and a division of the French army was in Turin. Louis Napoleon, in his dramatic proclamation, said he came to "give Italy to herself," and that she was to be free "from the Alps to the Adriatic!"

With such a glorious promise what wonder that Garibaldi's volunteers drove the retreating Austrians through the defiles of the Lombard hills, and that the field at Magenta was won with an overwhelming victory! Never had Milan witnessed such a scene of wild rejoicing as when Louis Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel, with their victorious armies, entered the city adorned as

for a bridal, with wreaths of flowers and gorgeous draperies of gold and silver brocade hanging from windows and balconies, the air ringing with shouts of a people rejoicing at their liberation. When the news of these victories was received, Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany, Francis, Duke of Modena, and the Duchess of Parma all fled to the protection of the Austrians, and the three rejoicing states immediately offered their allegiance to the "King of Italy." All the states in the papal territory which were governed by papal legates—that is, all except Rome and its immediate vicinity—in similar manner declared their desire for annexation. Nothing could have been swifter or more spontaneous than this obedience to the principle of unity in a new Italy, every freed atom at once trying to ally itself to the central authority.

In three weeks after Magenta came the crucial battle of Solferino. The fate of Italy hung upon that day—a day of long and desperate struggle. When the sun went down, Francis Joseph had been defeated. The quarters he had occupied in the morning were occupied at night by Louis Napoleon and his staff, the Emperor of Austria weeping it is said over the ruin of his hopes.

The rest of the way was easy. There was now only Venetia lying just before them, which there was no chance that the demoralized Austrians could hold, and the glorious promise would be fulfilled—Italy would be free “from the Alps to the Adriatic!”

But it was the unexpected that happened! Napoleon III., without consulting Victor Emmanuel, asked the vanquished Emperor Francis Joseph for an armistice.

“But, sire,” said his marshal, “an armistice means peace.”

“That is nothing to you,” was the reply.

“But, sire,” persisted the astonished marshal, “you promised to make Italy free from the Alps to the Adriatic.”

“I repeat, sir, that is nothing to you.”

No explanation was ever vouchsafed for this shameless betrayal of Italy by the man posing as her liberator; the man who had said the night before Magenta, “Be soldiers to-day, to-morrow you will be citizens of a great country!”

With brutal abruptness and with the brevity of a dictator, Louis Napoleon made known his terms to Victor Emmanuel. The King of Sardinia might have Lombardy, but Venetia remained with Austria, and Savoy

and *Nice* must belong to France. The people were frantic. "We have been betrayed!" they shrieked.

"Betrayed and insulted," said Cavour. The Minister, usually so calm, so self-contained, paced the floor, his face white and drawn with the intensity of his anger. "Refuse Lombardy," he said to the King. "Better to cut loose from the traitor at once and let him take the consequences."

The King alone was firm and calm. Profoundly disappointed, profoundly miserable, he yet saw clearly that the path of wisdom was in the decision he was about to make. When the stormy interview of two hours was ended, the terms of the French Emperor were accepted and Cavour had resigned his portfolio.

And so the peace of Villafranca was signed, and the Emperor, Louis Napoleon, surprised at the coldness of his reception as he passed through the cities, returned to France impressed with the ingratitude of the Italians, to whom he had given Lombardy!

The study of human motives, always a complex and difficult one, is doubly so in a character so inscrutable as Louis Napoleon's, where the straight path was never taken

and all things were done by indirection. Whether his amazing conduct was the result of political foresight and designed to prevent a European coalition against a too victorious France, or whether he concluded that two great victories were sufficient to give him the prestige he needed, none will ever be able to say. Statesmanship and philanthropy do not often go hand in hand in such transactions, but we do know that the parting effort of this "Liberator" was to force back Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and the Romagna into their old servitude to Austrian agents. On this point Victor Emmanuel was inflexible. He wrote to the Emperor: "We can succumb, but never betray. Rather than be unworthy of the love and confidence these noble and unfortunate people have reposed in me, I will break my sword and throw the crown away, as did my august father!" It would not have surprised him at this juncture, if his late ally had joined with Austria to crush him. The situation needed steadiness and caution, and with admirable calmness and with perfect dignity he submitted to the cruel exigencies of a dangerous crisis.

One can imagine how Garibaldi's heart was wrung, and how he impulsively resigned his

commission in contempt for such a cold-blooded king, and then as impulsively took it up again, vaguely intending to attack somebody, he knew not whom; somewhere, he knew not how; and then, impatient at being held in check, again threw down his sword, went to weep upon his adored Anita's grave, and retired to the little island of Caprera, which he had bought as a refuge with a small legacy left him by his brother. The fate of the central states was the first matter to be adjusted. Victor Emmanuel, with his usual calmness of judgment, was slow to open the door at which they were knocking. There must be no loop-hole for suspicion which could be used against him by the wily agents of Austria, Prussia, France, and the Pope, who were whispering and conspiring at Naples to prevent the proposed annexation. But it was the embittered reproaches of Pius IX. which most disturbed the King. He wrote assuring the Holy Father of his undying devotion to him as a spiritual ruler, at the same time respectfully protesting against his policy in temporal matters, in defeating the desire of his subjects for a constitutional government. But with the King of Naples, his trusted confidant, and

with Cardinal Antonelli, his counsellor, both whispering encouragement in his ear, Pius IX. stood firm and earned the admiration of haters of liberty everywhere. As time passed, the European states, wearied perhaps, or it may be moved by the logic of events, relaxed in their opposition. It was finally suggested by Cavour that they should settle the matter by recourse to a "plébiscite," a method in high favor with the Emperor of the French. The plan was accepted. A vote of the people in Tuscany, Modena, Parma, and the Papal States (those under legates) was overwhelmingly in favor of annexation, which was at once carried into effect. The temporal sovereignty of the Pope was now restricted to a small territory about Rome, and Victor Emmanuel was king of an Italy which extended not "from the Alps to the Adriatic," but from the Alps to the borders of the Papal and the Neapolitan kingdoms; an Italy which, as he said in his opening speech to his enlarged Parliament, was "not the Italy of the Romans, nor of the Middle Ages, but the Italy of the Italians." These borders did not satisfy the impatient patriot at Caprera, who was devising his own plans for their

extension. Cavour, who had wisely resumed his portfolio, and had patiently labored with the Parliament to secure its consent to the treaty with the clause so odious to himself—the abandonment of Nice—was never forgiven by the uncompromising soldier, who bitterly said, “That man has made me a stranger in my own house.” It was a kind fate which gave to Victor Emmanuel so wise a counsellor in those critical years, of whom Prince Metternich said: “There is but one statesman in Europe and he is against us. That one is M. de Cavour.”

King Ferdinand of Naples, known as King Bomba, was dead and had been succeeded by his son, Francis II., because of his close imitation of his father’s methods called “*Bombina*.” So scandalous was the corruption in his government, so flagrant and so shameless the methods of the despotism at Naples, that France, Spain, and even autocratic Russia, urged him to pause and make peace with his outraged people before it was too late. We need not stop to tell the sickening details of imprisonment of suspects in dungeons, without light, without air, in an Italian midsummer, fighting in the darkness with rats—and this for a whispered criticism of the gov-

ernment, or a suspected inclination to liberalism, or a desire to unite their fortunes with the new kingdom in the North. It is not strange that Garibaldi, chafing in his solitude at Caprera, was roused to a desperate resolve.

This extraordinary man who had led the picturesque legion in the defence of the Roman Republic and had shown himself master of guerilla warfare in Lombardy, had also given no little anxiety to the King and Cavour. An eye had been constantly kept upon him since Novara, and a check-rein held always in hand to arrest headlong dashes toward centres of tyranny, to which he was addicted at most critical times. But if his methods were displeasing to them, theirs were exasperating to him. Diplomacy he despised. He would have cut every knot with the sword. Equally frank in his loves and his hatreds, he was as transparent as a child. Generous, simple, ardent, he possessed in a superlative degree those qualities which arouse a passionate devotion, and which convert followers into worshippers. Tossed from Italy to America, from America back to Italy, and thence to South America, whatever the vicissitudes of his life, it was always

invested with a romantic charm. If he entered Montevideo as a drover of cattle, he left it the hero of daring exploits, of a romantic wooing, and the leader of armies against Spanish tyranny. If he was the maker of soap and of candles in Staten Island, he returned to his own land to accomplish the liberation of one-half of Italy by an act unmatched since the days of Roland or the Cid !

No soldier of fortune in the Renaissance, not Sforza, nor Carmagnola, cast a greater spell over his followers than did this red-shirted leader over his adoring veterans, as, in the same strange South American garb, they sat at night about their bivouac-fires, or lassoed their untethered horses, apparently as undisciplined as wild colts, and yet alertly watching for a glance or a nod, and ready on the instant to do or to dare anything at his bidding.

How Piedmont sympathized with the Neapolitans it need not be said. But a single move toward their emancipation might bring France and Austria in combination against the growing power of the King of Sardinia. Garibaldi had no fear of consequences and no policies to embarrass him ! His first purpose of recovering Nice was abandoned

for that of freeing the kingdom of Naples. The Sardinian government wisely refrained from knowing much about the audacious enterprise, and in 1860, with his thousand volunteers, he embarked from Genoa. In two weeks he was inside the walls of Palermo, the people, frantic with joy, beating the bells with hammers all the day long, the royalists having removed the clappers to prevent such a demonstration of rejoicing. Garibaldi, now assuming the title of Dictator, pressed on, his little force growing with recruits and royalist troops melting away before him until he reached Messina, and the island was his.

Francis II. was panic-stricken. He announced instantly his intention of giving a constitution to his people, and also wished to form an alliance with Piedmont. It was a death-bed repentance which came too late. He told the Dictator he might have Sicily, and he would also give him 50,000,000 francs to aid in the liberation of Venice, if he would leave the mainland alone. Victor Emmanuel, who had received an urgent letter from Louis Napoleon asking him to recall his imprudent general, wrote the Dictator that he thought they "should be content with

Sicily," and instructed him to desist from an attack upon Naples. Garibaldi replied that, for just this once, he should disobey his orders, adding, "but when I shall have made you King of Italy, I will lay my sword at your feet, and obey you for the rest of my life." So, almost without money, except Mazzini's last 30,000 francs which he sent Garibaldi to convey his troops to Naples, and with a handful of men, and by sheer audacity and force of purpose, the kingdom of Naples was swept to the feet of the King of Sardinia. Austria, bankrupt and harassed by the Hungarians, offered no opposition, so there was no pretext for interference from Louis Napoleon. Francis II. for a time held out at Gaeta, that old refuge for tyrants in extremity, then with a proclamation full of pathos, and with a dignity worthy of a better cause, he disappeared from view, dying in obscurity at Paris in 1895.

The 80,000 Neapolitan troops had disappeared like the snow before the sun. When Garibaldi entered Naples the people acted as if they had gone mad. For eight hours he had to appear and reappear on the balcony in response to their wild shouts and clamor, until, from sheer exhaustion, he re-

tired for rest. Then like little children they whispered, "Our father sleeps," and hushed and silent went about the streets holding their hands high above their heads with one finger pointing upward, a pantomime which had the glad meaning—"Italy is one!"

CHAPTER XIV.

WHILE this was taking place, Victor Emmanuel was attacking an enemy nearer home. Probably knowing the time was favorable for the undertaking, he sent an envoy to the Pope, respectfully but positively demanding the retirement of the foreign troops which he had called to his aid under General Lamoricière. Pius IX. refused to consider the request. Without hesitation, the King sent troops down into the papal territory and after a short campaign Lamoricière and his foreigners were driven out. Catholic Europe was much scandalized by such a proceeding. Austria and Prussia and Russia joined in a chorus of angry protest, Louis Napoleon withdrew his Minister from Turin, and even from Gaeta there came a feeble little voice—that of Francis II., late King of Naples.

It was toward Gaeta that the King's army turned when matters were settled with

Lamoricière and his men. Near Naples Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi met for the first time since the wonderful achievement. As they clasped each other's hands, Garibaldi, his voice choked with emotion, said, "King of Italy!" To which the King simply answered, "Grazie!" (thanks). Then later gratefully telling the gallant soldier that his daring had hastened Italian unity by ten years. To which Garibaldi replied, "But, Sire, it could not have been done had not Victor Emmanuel been the most noble and generous of kings!"

Hoping for a republic no less eagerly than Mazzini, Garibaldi always yielded his own ardent and impatient desires to the necessities of the situation, while Mazzini, never diverted from his lofty ideal, hating a monarchy almost as much as he did Austrian tyranny, had for years embarrassed the government at every step. Again and again had he kindled revolutionary fires, leaving behind him a trail of conspiracies and revolts, followed by executions and exile, seriously damaging the cause for which he would have been glad to die. So this hour of exultation was one of bitterness and defeat to the brooding and disappointed idealist. When



From the painting by Ademollo.

The Meeting of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi at Teano.

the more plastic Garibaldi, finding a republic was impossible, bestowed his splendid prize upon King Victor Emmanuel, the great opportunity was lost!

A plébiscite was taken and the desire of the people was unanimously expressed for annexation. So the soldier laid down his Dictatorship, left to Victor Emmanuel the kingdom he had captured, then returned to Caprera, as someone happily says, "to dig up in the fall the potatoes he had planted in the spring." It is an amusing picture we get of the hero's home—of his red shirts and gray trousers hung over a rope stretched across his bedroom, and a framed lock of Anita's hair hanging over his bed, and—most delicious touch of all—his three donkeys in the courtyard, named respectively Francis Joseph, Louis Napoleon, and Pio Nono!

In 1861 Victor Emmanuel opened his new Parliament, representing all of Italy except Venetia and Rome. It was only twelve years since Novara—since unloved and unwelcomed he came to Turin, and now, the centre of the hopes of the nation, he was "By the grace of God, and *by the will of the people* (the addition is his own), King of Italy!"

His was not yet a bed of roses. The task imposed by the enormous addition of illiteracy and of helplessness and crime was not a simple one. The new census revealed the appalling fact that out of the 22,000,000 subjects now ruled by Victor Emmanuel, 17,000,000 could neither read nor write, while brigandage, incited and encouraged by royalists and by the agents of Francis II., prevailed to a frightful extent in the newly acquired territory. Cavour grasped all these difficulties and problems with the hand of a master, not the least of his tasks being to keep in check the irrepressible Garibaldi, always in conflict with sober methods, never forgetting that Cavour had given Nice, his native city, to France, and losing no opportunity to reproach him with words not easy to bear. But with sublime patience Cavour bore it all and strove to bring order out of a chaos of financial, military, and economic affairs, these complicated by the ever-persistent irritation arising from a Pope at Rome supported by a French garrison. The strain was prodigious, and within a year Cavour showed signs of breaking under it. It was with overwhelming grief that Victor Emmanuel stood at the bedside of his dying Minister in 1861.

“Better for Italy if it were I who had died !” were his words when all was over.

The impatient leader at Caprera was in the meantime planning a settlement of the vexed Roman question. When the King heard that he was in Sicily raising an army with the watchword “Rome or Death !” he immediately sent an armed force to stop the reckless proceeding. Garibaldi, wounded by Italian soldiers and under the displeasure of his King, in the very territory he had bestowed upon him, presents a spectacle confusing to the sensibilities and to the conscience of beholders ! But it was an additional proof of Victor Emmanuel’s calmness of judgment that he could deal promptly and wisely with a situation so painful. And a general amnesty proclaimed upon the marriage of his daughter, Maria Pia, with the young King of Portugal, relieved him of the necessity of punishing the soldier to whom he owed so much.

This reckless attempt increased the complication at Rome, Louis Napoleon strengthened his garrison, and Pius IX. took a fresh hold upon his temporal sovereignty. And when there came a petition signed by priests, praying the Holy Father to yield to the

entreaties of his children and make peace with Victor Emmanuel, Cardinal Antonelli scornfully replied that his Holiness made no terms with robbers, and so could not treat with the "Robber King" at Turin. The new ministry went on with the work of reform. Schools were established, and a railway, that messenger of civilization, extended all the way down to Brindisi, the ancient city of Brundisium, just as the Appian Way that messenger of an ancient civilization had done long centuries before.

If Garibaldi had left his beloved Italy once more under a cloud, the cloud lifted when he arrived in London, and was given an ovation such as few heroes have received. He found himself the idol of the hour, and children and young maidens, in England and in America, were wearing the scarlet-flannel blouse which bore his name. Perhaps it was this voice of approval which encouraged the reckless hero again and again to make the attempt, from which he only desisted when he saw his infatuated boys mowed down by French chassepots at the gates of Rome, having accomplished nothing except to greatly increase Victor

Emmanuel's burden by rendering negotiations with Louis Napoleon impossible.

By the year 1866 the situation in Europe had been changed by the advent of a new and potent factor. Count Bismarck believed the time was ripe for Prussia to throw off the Austrian yoke, that antiquated assumption of headship which was the last surviving relic of a "Holy Roman Empire!" The old despotism at Vienna was much shaken since its conflicts with Hungary and Italy, and was not carrying things with so high a hand as it used to do. Bismarck rightly judged that a war at this time would result happily for Prussia. It mattered little what it was about. Fortune favored him by a dispute over the Danish duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, Austria claiming Holstein as her share of the spoils, after the defeat of Denmark by Austria and Prussia in 1864. So war was declared, Bismarck in advance having made a secret alliance, offensive and defensive, with Italy. Prince Humbert and his brother Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, did valiant service, but the Italians were badly beaten at Custoza. This was of little consequence, however. The event so long desired was coming through an unex-

pected door. The Austrians were totally defeated at Sadowa. Louis Napoleon was asked by Francis Joseph to act as mediator, receiving from him at the same time Venetia, to dispose of as he would. Here was an opportunity for the *amende honorable*. Seventy years before the great Napoleon had given the hapless Venice to Austria. Louis Napoleon himself had bitterly disappointed the Italians in failing to recover it in 1859. Now, seven years later, he offered it as a free gift to the country so wronged. So, with the consent of Count Bismarck, which Victor Emmanuel made a condition of its acceptance, Venetia was at last joined to Italy.

Now there remained only the Eternal City from which came the *grido di dolore*. Europe was getting very tired of the subject of the "Papal Captivity." The relations between Austria and the Vatican had become less intimate, and as Francis Joseph withdrew his active sympathies from Pius IX. he made friendly overtures toward Italy. Pius IX. while promulgating his new dogma of Papal Infallibility (1870), and thus increasing the defences about his position, still made it plain that it was only the man who claimed to be King of Italy to whom

he refused his friendship; that for Victor Emmanuel, the King of Sardinia, he felt the deepest regard. At the same time Victor Emmanuel lost no opportunity to assure the Holy Father of his undying devotion to him as the spiritual head of his kingdom and of Christendom. In the midst of these interchanges and the general softening of embittered hearts, the end was approaching, as it so often does, from an entirely unexpected source.

Napoleon III. declared war against Prussia. The balance had been disturbed by the humiliation of his old ally, Austria, and he was going to restore it by vanquishing the victor—this Protestant Prussia, which stood for all that he was not. In seven weeks came Sedan (1870). The French Emperor was a prisoner and the French Empire had ceased to exist. There was no longer a French garrison at Rome.

In the correspondence which followed between Victor Emmanuel and the Pope, one respectfully expressed his determination to take possession of his capital, and the other an equal resolve to yield it only to superior force. Pius IX. gave orders to his few French zouaves to capitulate as soon as a

breach was made in the walls. That hour quickly arrived, and a white handkerchief fluttering from the point of a bayonet announced that the end had come—that Rome was joined to Italy, and the unification which had been the dream of centuries was accomplished.

In the altered European conditions not one state remained to protest against this climax. The French Empire had vanished, Prussia was now the ally of Italy, and when the Pope appealed to his old friend and champion, Austria, to protect him from this invasion of his rights and territory, the reply promptly came that Austria could do nothing to interrupt the friendly relations with Italy which she was happy to say had existed since their reconciliation. So Pius IX. proclaimed himself a prisoner, and during the seven years of life remaining to him never stepped beyond the precincts of the Vatican. By what is known as "The Law of the Papal Guarantees," the sovereign pontiff is accorded royal honors and a revenue of \$645,000. His person is as inviolable as the King's. The Vatican and Lateran palaces, with their grounds and all the works of art contained in them, are for his exclusive use, as is also

the Castel Gandolfo, his summer palace. These places are sacredly his own. No official under any circumstances can enter them without his permission. The jurisdiction thus afforded by the Papal Guarantees is over the church property in the city of Rome, and six suburban sees which were reserved by the government for the papal use. To these limits is the "temporal sovereignty" of the Pope restricted.

In 1869 a son was born to Prince Humbert and Margherita, the charming cousin he had married the year before. The boy was christened Vittorio Emanuele and received the title of Prince of Naples. The King's other son, Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, had been invited to fill a vacant throne in Spain and had commenced his dreary experiment of playing the part of *Re Galantuomo* in that country. In July, 1871, the royal residence was removed from the temporary capital at Florence, and amid great rejoicings was established at the Quirinal palace in Rome. An incident is described in connection with this event which brings into strong and pathetic relief characters who have since passed off the stage of human events. Emperor Frederick of Germany, at that time the adored

Unser Fritz, had been invited to make one of the party at the Quirinal on that occasion. When the royal family appeared upon the balcony he impulsively snatched up the little prince, who is now the King of Italy, and to the terror of his mother, held him up high in his arms in view of the tumultuous, shouting throng below.

CHAPTER XV.

ONE by one the principal actors in the drama of Italy's unification dropped by the way. In 1872 Mazzini, the irreconcilable patriot and the "prophet of the Revolution," died at Pisa. In 1879 an unexpected and stunning blow fell upon the people. Victor Emmanuel was stricken with a fatal illness. Pope Pius IX., deeply moved, sent word that he was only prevented by age and infirmities from coming himself to administer the last rites, which he sent a cardinal to perform. Princess Clotilde and Amadeus were quickly summoned, but arrived too late. The *Re Galantuomo* was no more. A cry of poignant grief ascended from the whole of Italy. People wept as for a father. King Humbert's proclamation, issued a few hours after the death of the King, closed with these words: "Italians—Your first King is dead. His successor pledges himself to prove to you that constitutions do not die!" Modern

Rome had witnessed nothing like the scene at the funeral as their dead King passed from the Quirinal to the Pantheon—the “Iron Crown of Lombardy” borne on a cushion behind the coffin.

Just one month later Pius IX, the “prisoner of the Vatican,” was dead, and, lying in his splendid vestments, was borne to St. Peter’s, and placed in the niche which for thirty-two years had been occupied by Gregory XVI. Cardinal Pecci, who was chosen by the Conclave, assumed the name Leo XIII and commenced the pontificate which was to last twenty-four years.

With a deep sense of responsibility King Humbert succeeded to the throne his father had created; and the love he won from Italy was attested when on July 29, 1900, he was cruelly assassinated by the anarchist Brescia. A cry of horror and of grief arose from his entire kingdom. It was not an easy thing to succeed. Victor Emmanuel, and Humbert had borne himself well for twenty-two years under trying difficulties. With no great sources of wealth such as are possessed by other lands, with an undeveloped peasant population disproportionately large, with a burdensome taxation

necessary to meet the expenses of the government, and with earthquakes, and floods, and cholera, the King of Italy had no sinecure. The national finances demanded wisdom in the rulers, and patient sacrifice from the people. The maintenance of a sovereign pontiff in royal state at Rome is a heavy burden for a state so encumbered to bear. And as their guest is an unwilling one, the usual compensations for expensive entertainment do not exist! The many irritations growing out of this hostility between the Quirinal and the Vatican necessarily make the throne of Italy a very uneasy seat. For two luminaries to try to shine in close proximity to each other in a small corner of the heavens, would be a similar experiment. Rome is not large enough for two thrones, especially if one of these claims the earth!

A small cloud in 1891 obscured the peaceful relations which have always subsisted between Italy and the United States. Eleven Italians belonging to the secret society of the "Mafia" were murdered by an exasperated mob in New Orleans. It was discovered that only two of these men were Italian citizens, and the matter was finally

adjusted by Marquis di Rudini and Secretary Blaine, through the skilful mediation of Baron Fava, the sum of \$25,000 being paid by the United States to the families of the two murdered men. The name Mafia is said to have come from the initials of the war-cry at the time of the Sicilian Vespers — "Morta Alia Francesi Italia Ancla." M. A. F. I. A. A mixture apparently of Italian with Sicilian dialect. The word Mafia has degenerated until it signifies any association for purposes of vengeance.

Upon the tragic death of Humbert, the infant held aloft in the strong arms of "Unser Fritz" twenty-nine years before became Victor Emmanuel III, King of Italy. The young King's marriage with the beautiful Montenegrin princess, had all the charm of a romance in private life; and Queen Helena's ready sympathy with the calamities and sorrows which have come to her people, and the simplicity of the life at the Quirinal, have endeared her and helped to make this reign a most acceptable one.

The death of Pope Leo XIII occurred July 26, 1903. In his ninety-fourth year, this remarkable man still grasped the political problems of the day with the vigor

of his prime, and with the comprehensiveness of an astute statesman; guiding and restraining his people in two hemispheres, with a wisdom which made his death a calamity for the world. And yet, the course marked out by Pius IX, a man with no comprehension of the time in which he lived, was never materially altered. Leo XIII lived and died a "Prisoner of the Vatican"; and the chasm between his palace and the Quirinal remained as wide and deep as ever.

The splendid intelligence of this pope, and the modernness of his intellectual spirit, had many times led people to believe he was on the verge of tearing down some of the walls of separation, and letting the currents of the modern world course through the veins of the church. But just as many times was the world disappointed. Few men, be they popes, emperors, or kings, are strong enough to defy the traditions of the exalted place to which they have been called. Whether there was such a conflict as is implied by this in the mind of the venerable and extraordinary man who occupied the chair of St. Peter for twenty-four years, no one knows. But to

some it has seemed so; and also, that a great opportunity was lost. The reconciliation with the Quirinal, and that other reconciliation with the scientific spirit of the age, which would have made this pontificate so remarkable, did not come.

After long deliberation in the Conclave the choice for the papal chair fell upon Cardinal Giuseppe Sarto, a Venetian, who, August 4, 1903, with much apparent reluctance exchanged his free life in Venice for that of the "Prisoner of the Vatican." It was on account of his known liberal tendencies that he was opposed in the Conclave, and this, together with warm personal relations which he held with the reigning family, led to the belief that a reconciliation was at hand. Perhaps the choice of the title by which he should reign foreshadowed the course he had resolved to pursue. It would not be quite seemly for Pius X to undo the work and cast reproach upon Pius IX!

It is an interesting fact that Austria still holds the power of veto in the Conclave, which was hers by virtue of her headship in the "Holy Roman Empire," and amid the crumbling ruin of the past this frag-

ment suggestively survives. That it was not used in the last meeting of the Conclave perhaps indicates an understanding regarding the political course which would be followed by Cardinal Sarto, who has, in the three years of his pontificate, been entirely faithful to the traditions of his two predecessors.

Italy, threatened by internal fires, shaken by earthquakes, titanic, but picturesque even in her calamities has had more than her share of rich human experiences, any one of which would have bestowed immortality. The list is an imposing one. A Roman Republic, a Roman Empire, the triumphs of her mediæval cities, when her merchant princes ruled the commerce of the world, the emancipation of human thought by the Renaissance, the production of the world's masterpieces in art, and last of all, the most dramatic of modern epics, the struggle which resulted in the unification of Italy! Do the annals of the Italian peninsula record anything nobler than this achievement!

SOVEREIGNS AND RULERS OF ROME AND ITALY.

REGAL PERIOD

Reign began
B. C.

Romulus 753-716

[Interregnum]

Numa Pompilius..... 715-672
Tullus Hostilius..... 672-640
Ancus Marcius..... 640-616
Tarquinius Priscus..... 616-578
Servius Tullius..... 578-534
Tarquinius Superbus..... 534-509

REPUBLIC

509-31 B. C.

IMPERIAL ROME

B. C.

Augustus..... 31

A. D.

Tiberius..... 14

Caligula..... 37

Claudius..... 41

Nero..... 54

Galba..... 68

Otho..... 69

Vitellius..... 69

Vespasian..... 69

Titus..... 79

Domitian..... 81

Nerva..... 96

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Trajan.....	98
Hadrian.....	117
Antoninus Pius.....	138
Marcus Aurelius.....	161
Commodus.....	180
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Didius Julianus.....	193
Caracalla.....	211
Macrinus.....	217
Alexander Severus.....	222
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Honorius.....	395
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Glycerius.....	493
Julius Nepos.....	474
Romulus Augustulus.....	475

FALL OF EMPIRE 476

MODERN ITALY

	A. D.
Napoleon Bonaparte, President of Cisalpine Republic.....	1802
Napoleon Crowned King of Italy.....	1805
Eugène Beauharnais, Viceroy until.....	1814
End of the Kingdom.	

MAKERS AND KINGS OF NEW ITALY

Victor Emmanuel I, Duke of Savoy, King of Sardinia and Piedmont.....	1814-1830
Succeeded by	
Charles Albert.....	1830-1849
Abdicated in favor of his son	
Victor Emmanuel II.....	1849-1878
First King of United Italy (1870)	
Humbert.....	1878-1900
Assassinated and succeeded by	
Victor Emmanuel III.....	1900-

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